#### This Week-FREDERICK PALMER'S CHINA WAR CORRESPONDENCE

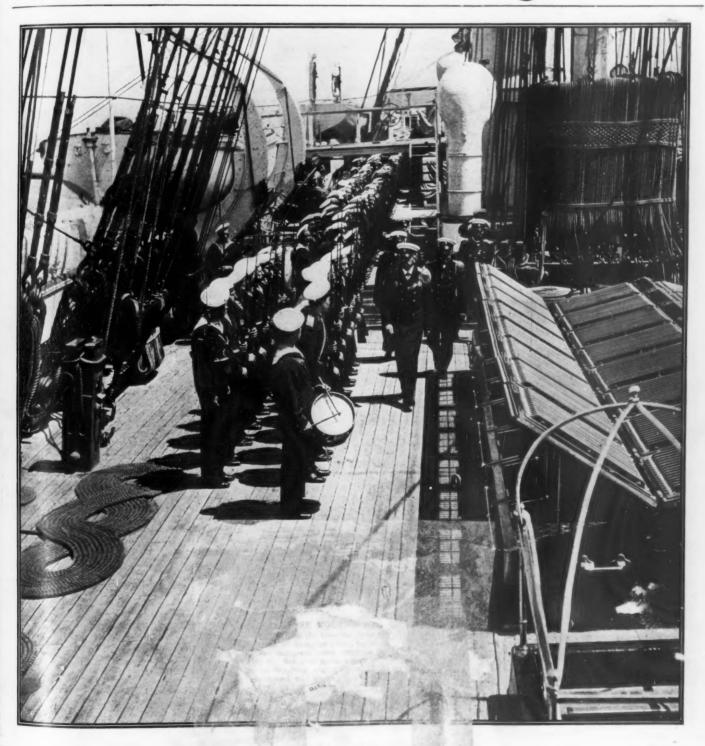
# COLLIER'S WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS

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THE WAR IN CHUIA

INSPECTION ON BOARD A RUSSIAN CRUSSER IN CHINESE WALL THE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

#### COLLIER'S





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#### NEW YORK, AUGUST FOURTH, 1900

T THIS TIME, there is no material change in the re-spective prospects of the candidates for the Presi spective prospects of the candidates for the residency. If the election took place next week, it is extremely probable that Mr. McKinley would be elected. We are indications that Mr. Bryan will carry any State east of the Mississippi which he lost four years ago, with the exception of Kentucky, and, possibly, of Maryland, and these gains seem likely to be offset by losses west of the Rocky Mountains. But, as we have repeatedly said, the essence of political sagacity is to avoid "cocksureness." It is especially true of politics that no man can tell what the morrow may bring forth. Mr. McKinley's chance of election does not look more promising to-day than did General Hancock's in Septem ber, 1880, nor much more promising than General Harrison's chance of reelection booked in the spring of 1892. If there is a difference, it is concentrated in the great State of New York and its neighbors, New Jersey and Connecticut, which, at present, seem determined to subordinate all other issues to their resolute opposition to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

T THE HOUR when we write, the most interesting A THE HOUR when we write, the most interesting incident connected with the Chinese situation is the receipt of a cipher message alleged to have been penned in Pekin on July 18 by the United States Minister, Conger, and announcing that he was then in the Braish legation under a rain of shot and shell from Chinese troops and in need of immediate relief. This message purported to be a reply to one handed by Secretary Hay to Mr. Wu, the Chinese Minister at Washington, on July 11. Had our Secre-tary requested Mr. Conger to name in cipher the date at which the despatch from Washington was received, one element of doubt touching the authenticity of the alleged reply would have been removed. As it is, there is nothing in the "Conger" message to prove that it is a reply to the Hay despatch for, under any circumstances, our representative in Pekin would have known that our State Department desired above all things to learn what was his actual condition. Our evidence regarding the date on which the "Conger" despatch was penned is not derived from the cipher text, but from the assertions of the Chinese authorities by whom it was trans These assertions are, of course, untrustworthy Those who discredit the despatch adopt one of two theories Some hold that the Chinese obtained possession of the cipher belonging to our Minister and concocted the message This we deem improbable, because they would scarcely have admitted that the attack on the legation was made by Chine-troops instead of by rebels, unless, indeed, they desired provoke a movement against Pekin while the allies were relatively unprepared. We incline to favor the second hypothesis. sis, namely, that the message was penned by Minister Conger,

but at some date earlier than July 18, and before that Minister's death. That message, like all others which have been sent from Pekin since June 12, had been intercoped, and was ter's death now forwarded because it could tell our State Department nothing which it did not already know, while, on the other hand, it might give the Chinese Minister in Washington time to escape from this country. What deepens the mystery which envelops the "Conger" message is the fact that no pretence has yet been made of permitting other foreign Ministers to communicate with their governments. This fact, however, tells both ways. It is unreasonable, on the one hand, to suppose that, of all the cipher codes existing in foreign legations at Pekin, the Chinese were only able to secure the one belonging to the American Minister, while, on the other hand, we know that the despatches from all of the legations have been withheld since June 12, and, conse quently, the trick which, it is alleged, was played upon our State Department might be played also on the Foreign Office of every other treaty power. On the whole, it must be recognized that it is impossible to say, at the time of writing, whether the official representatives of the treaty powers and the foreigners who have taken refuge with them are or ate not alive. Here we should point out that the motive for the concentration of the foreigners in the British legation is obvious to those who are acquainted with the precautions taken by the Imperial Government, since it was constrained to allow foreign Ministers to reside in the Chinese capital. Their residences are all situated inside of the Tartar city, which itself is separated by a strong wall from the Chinese city. Moreover, the residences are contiguous, and one of them, the British legation, adjoins the wall of the so-called Forbidden City, the abiding-place of the imperial family, into which, under n circumstances, no Manchu nor Chinese would, without permis sion, dare to penetrate. To diplomatists employed in China it has long been an open secret that the British legation is connected with the imperial precinct by a subterranean well. is, therefore, not impossible that, notwithstanding the destruction of the legations, the foreigners who had taken refuge there, or at least a part of them, may have been saved. To assure their continued safety, however, extreme caution would be needed in the transmission of messages, lest the rebels should learn of their whereabout, and it is barely possible to explain in this way the portentous difficulty of getting information concerning their fate. It may be that, before these lines come under the eyes of our readers, indisputable information concerning the state of things in Pekin will have been

OW IS THE situation affected by the hostilities which have occurred between Chinese and Russian on the Annual Chinese that the river, through a section of its course, constitutes the boundary between Russia and China. That section the Russians are compelled to use for military as well as civil trans-portation, owing to the non-completion of the Trans-Siberian railway. That railway has been carried from the Ural Mountains to a point eastward of Lake Baikal, while, beginning at the Pacific terminus, Vladivostock, it has been built, for a considerable distance, in a northwestward direction. means of traversing the gap, the Russians are entirely depen dent on the Amur River, the right or southern bank of which has been fortified at many points by the Chinese. Chinese commanders at these points have undertaken to pre-vent the Russians from using the river, not only by firing on their transports, but also by crossing the waterway and attack-ing a Russian fortified post. The result is that the Russian Government has drawn a curious technical distinction, a distinction for which we do not recall any precedent in interna tional law, by declaring itself at war, not with the Pekin Government, but with the Chinese people in that part of Manchuria. The distinction may prove useful, bec permits the treaty powers to proceed with their operations for the rescue of the Ministers in Pekin, or for the punish ment of their murderers, without definitely declaring themselves allies of either side in a war between Russia and China. The St. Petersburg Government seems to have acted on the assumption that the Chinese commanders on the Amur River obeyed the orders, not of the de jure authorities at Pekin-to wit, the Emperor Kwang-Su and the Empress Dowager-but those of a usurper, presumably Prince Tuan. Here again, however, arises an interesting question in international law According to the latest undispute' from Pekin, the from Pekin, the Empress Dowager, v ted as Regent by pan head of the Now the Tsung li-Yamen.

Tsung li-Yamen.

Tsung li-Yamen.

Tsung li-Yamen.

Now the sacted official assates with the Empowager directly; rarely, indeed to the imperial presence. All official business and China his been transacted through the medium of the Tsung-lisacted ress neu. How, therefore, is it possible for us toabsolve En seror, or Empress, or either of them, from responsibility for the acts of their Board of Foreign Affairs? We may put forward the hypothesis that the Empress Dowager was coerced into a sking Prince Tuan her Minister for Foregn Affairs, but we cannot assume such a hypothesis as pro ed until she has for ally disavowed his acts. If we are to follow the preceder s established in international law, we must deal with

China precisely as we should with any other try gov erned by an autocrat. So long, for instance he Czar should not disavow an act hostile to the Unite formed by his Minister for Foreign Affairs. ould not absolve him from responsibility therefor, and we sh have to proceed on the assumption that a state of war evi-Russia and this country. So is it in the case of ( While Prince Tuan retains the appointment of President li-Yamen, or Minist r for Foreign Affairs, while from the Empress Dowager, we must hold her r his acts. Otherwise, of course, it would be p for an autocrat to escape responsibility for any atrochave here said will indicate how complicated which is presented at Pekin. The treaty power nst want to assume that they are technically at war wi cause, with the outbreak of war, all treaties The McKinley Administration has a special reason ing from that assumption; for, the moment it ad ts that a technical state of war exists between the United States and China, it is compelled by the Constitution to call Congress together for the purpose of supplying the means for prosecuting the contest. There is no telling what Congress because the Republican majority is not large in either House, and contains in each chamber some members who have shown themselves capable of forming independent views and clinging to them. Undoubtedly, if the inmates of the American lega-tion at Pekin have been butchered, Congress would authorize by a unanimous vote the measures needed to avenge them, but it is by no means certain that Congress would consent to confine its attention exclusively to the Chinese qu

THERE IS but little doubt, for instance, that, if Corgress

were in session to-day, it would call upon the President to explain why the peaceable and satisfactory ne of the municipal elections in Cuba have not been immediately followed by the election of delegates to vention convoked for the purpose of forming a Constitution for an independent Cuban republic. Why has Secretary Root announced that the election of delegates will not take place before September 15, at all events, and that the convention will not be held before the middle of December? Does the needless procrastination mean that, if Mr. McKinley is reclected President early in November, a pretext will be found for adjourning indefinitely the Cuban Constitutional Convention, and that measures will be openly taken looking to the annexation of the island? We, ourselves, do not be heve that any members of the present Administration con template such an infamous violation of the solemn pledge embodied in the joint resolution passed by Congress on April 18, 1898, and signed by the President. Our Federal organic law declares that such a joint resolution is as binding on our Executive as the Constitution itself, and the President would expose himself to impeachment, if it could be proved that he had debberately planned to set at naught that obligation. The resolution will remain binding, until it is reseinded by Congress. To obtain such a rescission from the present Congress would be out of the question, and we believe that it will prove equally impracticable in the Congress to be elected best November. The Cubans have disappointed their secret emmies by maintaining an exemplary degree of tranquillity and order throughout their island. They will be shrewd enough, we hope, to continue the same policy, and thus paralyze the schemes of dishonest annexationists, if any such exist. course, if the Cubans, at a fairly conducted and representative election, should express a desire for annexation, we could grant it without any breach of faith, and no foreign critic of our conduct could with propriety reproach us. We can new o chance of the expression of such a wish on the part of the Cubans. If the principle commended by President McKinley in his third annual message had been accepted by Congress, that is to say, if Porto Rico had been placed upon the footing of New Mexico and other Territories, and her products had been admitted, free of duty, to the markets of the United States, we should, long ere this, have seen an immense investment of American capital in the sugar plantations of that island. An object-lesson would thereby have been held up to Cuba by which her inhabitants would not have been slow to profit. Manifestly, Cuba might as well be outside of the Union as in it, if her sugar and tobacco must pay duties in The reputable portion of the Cubic our ports. thus deprived of the principal argument which is might have used for annexation. It was indispensable that we should strengthen the hands of honest Cubans, and prove that the island would have, upon the gain by annexation, because the dishonest seed that Cuba ple give very seductive reasons for their con ught to insist upon acquiring independence, if Those reasons are overlooked in the United It should they are not openly brought forward in Cuba it be remembered that, by the Treaty of Paris bet States and Spain, the whole Cuban debt, which hundred millions of dollars, and which was that Cuba revenues of the island, was wiped out. It for is, at present, free from public debt, and could borrow in Europe at least one hundre two hundred, millions of dollars. In loans of there would be excellent pickings for the political of the Cuban independent Government.



THE COMING OF THE "FOREIGN DEVILS".—Natives of Shanghai watching American and English war correspondents and civil and military officers disembark from the French steamer from Hong Kong. Photograph by our Special Correspondent

#### PREPARING FOR WAR IN CHINA

By FREDERICK PALMER, Our Special Correspondent

SHANGHAI, CHINA, JUNE 20

Seanghai, China, June 20
CCORDING to the observer on the Shantung promontory, he sighted an American transport three days ago bound for Tien-tsin with troops from the Philippines.

It is strue nothing could be more exasperating to a man in se to reach the seem of action. When I left Manila on 12th, all the information we had there was that, with the ser Powers, the United States had landed marines in the iff of Pechali, It was said that reinforcements of marines in Manila night go, but there was little talk of sending any ops. At Hong Kong, where I bundled aboard a French amer for Shanghai, we found great news—the Taku forts a been reduced by foreign gunboats and the American inser in Pesan, Mr. Conger, had asked for two thousand ops.

m, Mr. Conger, had asked for two thousand find telegraphic communication with Tienth Pekin cut, and hear that the President has MacArthur to send not two thousand but five Taku. Provided the observer on the Shankuows an American transport when he sees our men are already on the shores of China, ag on the old coasting steamer which starts out to be compared to the starts of the country of the compared to the com

#### THE WAR FEVER IN SHANGHAI

ne port of all nations, all is excitement and ness. Chinese of all classes are paniculuse to buy or to sell. In the club where the Americans gather at noon, now to discard of stock transactions, integrity and not word. Americans and British must stand

together; the Dowager Empress must be retired where she can do no more harm; the Emperor restored to power under foreign direction; the integrity of the Empire must be maintained with the Open Door; such reforms must be maintained with the Open Door; such reforms must be made as will permit of the building of railways and abolish the sense-less customs fees imposed in the interior—the likin duties—which have always restricted trade. Such is the speech which every man in the club has to deliver if the stranger asks for information. Shanghai is a community which feels that its existence is more or less at sta'ce. It depends entirely upon the Yang-tse Valley, and also upon the integrity of the Yang-tse, for its trade. The bulk of the trade of the valley is British. There are fewer American firms in the settlement than twenty years ago. In many instances American products and American firms are represented by Englishmen. Although the Powers jointly hold the concession, in Shanghai British interests very largely predominate. Seventy-five per cent of American trade is in the troubled section around the Gulf of Pechih. Ninety per cent of our cottons go to this region. So our troops are where our actual interests lie.

#### CHINESE WOODEN SOLDIERS

CHINESE WOODEN SOLDIERS

At the meeting of the Consular Body the other day, when the protection of Shanghai from a native uprising and native assault was discussed, some members haid a good deal of stress on the fact that there were a few hundre. Chinese soldiers at Woosung who could assist the rioters. The American consul said that he had seen these soldiers and he would undertake to drive them away with a stick. They are only coolies in soldiers' uniforms and their rifles for the most part are so rusty that they will not shoot. Every young man in the settlement is a member, an earnest member, of the new volunteer organization which drills every evening. They have been assigned rifles and told off to certain parts of the city, where they will receive ammunition and meet the enemy, such as he is, in case of trouble.

Notices have been published throughout the native city informing the people that when certain colored lanterns are hung out they must all take refuge in their houses or they will run risk of being mistaken for combatants and killed. The real danger does not lie in an organized attempt against the city, but rather in the sudden and riotous attempt of a

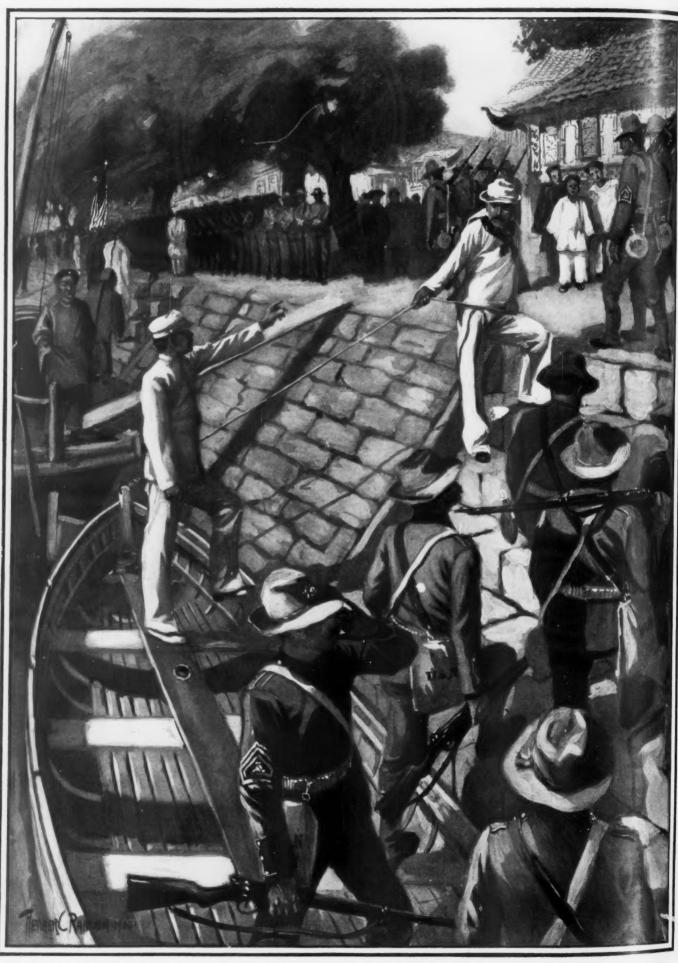
band of cooles to murder all the "foreign devils" in sight, It was this possibility which makes all foreign vessels coy about anchoring near the forts at Woosung commanding the river between Shanghai and the sea, and also answers for extra caution with the swarms of natives who unload cargo. At least, that seems the only real danger consistent with the prospect of the moment. It is hard to say what this great, lubberly mass of China will do if its Emperor has been murdered and its Empress has committed suicide, as the latest reports from Chinese sources say. Their deaths, along with the "foreign devils" occupation of Pekin, may be such a shock to the Chinese belief in their utter superiority to all people and the superiority of the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, to all rulers as to prompt portions of the population in all the Northern Provinces to general resistance greater than is yet contemplated.

The fear of Shanghai is that we shall not use this magnificent opportunity to demand concessions which are of vital necessity, while the fear of the diplomatiat is that by too radical demands we shall awaken the monster in the Chinese. It is better, as diplomacy always argues, to go easily, step by step.

#### RAILROADS VS. "CHEAP CHINESE LABOR"

RAILROADS VS. "CHEAP CHINESE LABOR"

The building of the railway from Pekin to Paoling is largely responsible for the present trouble, as you know. The railway offends the "Earth Devils," and the people fear the "Earth Devils" revenge. Hence the Boxers, who are organized to propitiate the "Earth Devils" by destroying the railroad and killing the "white devil" who comes with a railroad in one hand and a Bible in the other. Back of that is a simpler and more natural cause. The railway takes work away from the coolies, who have the same grounds of complaint that labor sometimes makes against machinery at home. Idle coolies in red sashes, I am told, compose the Boxers for the most part. To the last, the legations in Pekin thought that trouble would be averted. Then the rebellion, breaking out with a sudden flare, penned the legations as prisoners inside their compounds in Pekin. Here, we listen to the ticking of the cable every hour, conscious that whatever happens somebody will have to pay and will have to be punished, and the somebody will wear a cue.



UBANN BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, FREDERICK PALMER

THE LANDING OF AMERICAN MARINES AND REGULARS AT TAKU, FOR SERVICE WITH THE ALLIES IN THE ADVANCE ON PEKIN

THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE AT TIEN-TSIN

CHEFOO, JUNE 27

Chefoo, June 27
the Canton from Shanghai, with six correspondents gors, entered the harbor this morning she dropped at the U.S.S. Yorktown. When I last saw her she punying General Bates's expedition for the occuparith Mindanao. She was sent to morthern waters to affects and crew a vacation, which, thanks to the sheen peremptorily postponed. Her marines are in the neighborhood of Tien-tsin fighting and on empty stomachs. Her jackies and her guns responsible for the safety of the foreign populational properties of the sought information as to who we were and usiness here was in troublous times when it is well body shall be watched. Instead of answering his we asked him for the "news." We meant the news ral Seymour's force, from the legations, and from tetween Tien-tsin and Pekin. He told us the news to a spirit of it." he waid. "There are five or six a night of it." he waid. "There are five or six a night of it." he waid. "There are five or six a night of it." he waid. "There are five or six a night of it." he waid. "There are five or six a night of it." he waid. "There are five or six a night of it." he waid.

a night of it," he said. "There are five or six nese soldiers in those two forts on either side of the ere's only the Yorktown here to keep tab on them. know but they were going to try it on last the were ready to put a landing force ashore any

we learned that Tien-tsin was partially destroyed and ed force there besieged, with no news of Admiral

sarned that Tien-tsin was partially destroyed and orce there besieged, with no news of Admiral thirteen days.

In the dip at the foot of a circular ridge of hills it. The forts seem to have been located with a manding the town rather than to defend it from Seymour for Chefoo lies

manding the town rather than to defend it from a sea. the rumor came that the Boxers were active in hood, and might lead the gunners astray, as they Captain Taussig sent for the taotai (local gov-forewent dilatory Oriental etiquette and came a hurry. obliers fire a shot," said the captain to the taotai, twill be to destroy the native city. Then a forbe raised over Chefoo. It will be a Chinese Che-It will be American or British or German or

seemed much impressed and was artfully Chinese ting himself to any policy. If we had been as Germans we could have had a row easily enough mised our flag on Chinese soil. That is not the moment, however. It is to rescue the legations, our and Captain McCalla's force and the misli manner of accommodations in Chefoo are the refugees, who think that they are safe as each here. They bring no particularly harrowly accounts of ugly and glowering populations sullen acquiescence, allowed them to depart, is going to Korea, their Korean comrades have welcome. The tao in not co clever as here and who all

Chinese guns could tear the town to pieces

with 12-inch shells in an hour, and could have sunk the Yorktown, if the Chinese gunners could aim at all as well as those did at Taku, the wives and families of the foreign merchants remain in perfect confidence that there will be no trouble, and, in perfect confidence that there will be no trouble, and, in perfect confidence that, if there is, they will be safe enough in a warehouse. Confidence is all but too characteristic of all the foreign populations except the missionaries. The average merchant thinks that he could drive off a Chinese regiment with a stick. He cannot yet fully realize the enormity of the events to the north. He has become hardened in his belief in the non-combative nature of the Chinese. The more excitable missionaries circulate rumors which they get from Chinese sources. The consuls partly believe the rumors; the merchants laugh at them. At the same time it is by official advice than otherwise that the missionaries are led to depart, anxious as they were to get here. They—the Jesuit priests, the American and English or the Swedish Protestants and Protestant wives, none looking as if they had endured any hardships—say they will go out to the Yorktown immediately firing begins. But the Yorktown will be moving all the time pouring broadsides into the forts, and if she stopped and took half of them on there would not be room for her gunners to work their guns. Our consul, who has been living a quite life here, and is not of the trained diplomatic service, is in the fever of a great occasion. The poor man swings his arms and gasps as he plunges through pounding breakers of difficulties. He seems about to drown with the next gulp, and still he goes gasping on.

"New York newspaper giving me a guinea a day to act as

plunges through pounding breakers of difficulties. He seems about to drown with the next gulp, and still he goes gasping on.

"New York newspaper giving me a guinea a day to act as correspondent," he cries, as he hurries from one visitor to another. "Going to charge three. Holding up official despatches and sending 'em paper. Making great—what you call 'em?—'scoops' and 'beats.' Sending ship to save missionaries. Wouldn't let me have her. Said I must. Got her. Boxers all around us—Boxers everywhere. Yes, we'll all be killed—but I'm getting a guinea a day from that newspaper, all right."

Every eye in the city may be said to be on the signal tower, where all incoming steamers are announced. The greatest relief was felt when the Powerful came in yesterday morning. She can land seven hundred men, to say nothing of her powerful batteries; although, if the Chinese gunners, with their 12-inch Krupps, know their business at all well, they ought to sink both the Powerful and the Yorktown.

At least once a day a Japanese, British or American gunboat brings news—brings news, and a little typewritten statement from Admiral Kempff for the information of the consuls, while other despatches in cipher go clicking off to the American and Japanese foreign offices. The Germans take their despatches to Kiao-chou and the British theirs to Wei hai-Wei or here, as the case may be. Our friends the Russians and French do not come here at all, but send all their despatches from Port Arthur. You hear people talking at the con-ulates and the hotel of the chances of escape of friends they have in Pekin, Beyond the rescue of Seymour and the legations, there depends upon the successes of the allied troops within the next

week, perhaps, the attitude of the rest of China. Continued victories means that the movement will spread even beyond its present limits over an area one hundred and fifty miles square.

The cable office here has been entirely in charge of Chinese clerks. A white man has come to the assistance of one of them, who speaks a little English. The business of the office has been multiplied by about one hundred, and the correspondents watch their cablegrams piled up in a disorderly bundle on a Chinaman's desk with deep feeling and without much hope. Incidentally, they wonder if the Russian overland lines are not in closer connection with Tien-tsin than the lines here.

bundle on a Chuaman's desk with deep feeling and without much hope. Incidentally, they wonder if the Russian overland lines are not in closer connection with Tien-tsin than the lines here.

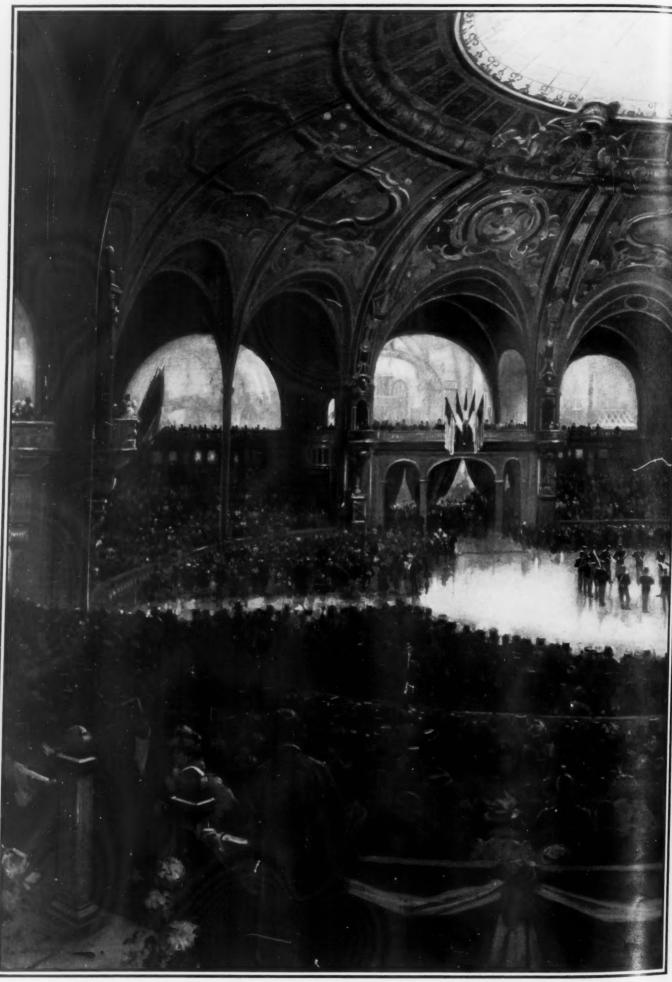
For the last thirty-six hours I have been rushing between the cable office, steamship offices and the consulates. My principal object was to get transportation to Taku. My baggage has been aboard one steamer, which changed its destination at the last moment. Last night I was an hour in a native sampan, going at the rate of ten feet a minute toward the Humber, a British storeship, which pulled out at a moment when my hopes were highest. This, to say nothing of a dozen false alarms.

This afternoon I saw the U.S.S. Nashville appear around the promontory. It was a joy to look upon her and to connect pleasant memories of the Philippines with her commander, Captain Rogers. Perhaps she was going back. No, she was not, Captain Rogers told the three Americans who leaped up the gangway just after the boarding officer; but the Newark was. Captain Taussig of the Newark said that the Admiral wanted him back at Taku by eleven in the morning, and while we were welcome to come on board he could not wait a moment after steam was up. "Take my steam launch," was Captain Rogers' kindly suggestion, and off we rushed after our baggage—saddles, cameras, films, sleeping blankets, and what not—or our kits, as I should properly say. The launch was to return after the captain, and we had the prospect of trusting to the slow and lubberly sampan once we had sprinted to the hotel and secured coolies. As we pushed the coolies toward the jetty, with white man's impatience we computed again and again the speed of the lubberly sampan and concluded that our chances were hopeless.

Will you believe me, the coxswain of the Nashville's launch was still waiting with her at the jetty? He remembered us in the name of Sorsogon, Catbalogan and Albay, and he was middly disobeying orders to do us a good turn. Captain Rogers, passing us in his gig, did not seem offende

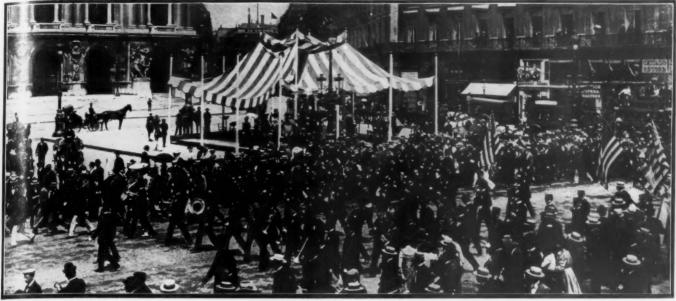


IRON BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND CANAL AT TIEN-TSIN



PAINTED BY ANDRE CASTAIGNE

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—VISITORS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR LISTENING TO SOUSA'S BAND PLAYING IN THE GRAND SALLE DES FETES, ON SUNDAY



SOUSA'S BAND MARCHING PAST THE OPERA HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY THE AMERICAN GUARD

#### PARIS

Special Correspondence of Collier's Weekly

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLER'S WEEKLY

THIS HAS BEEN America week in Paris. The Star Spangled Banner has waved on the public and private buildings as it never waved before; it has hung from the stern of the Seine steamers; it has floated from the summit of the Eiffel Tower; it has been seen in miniature upon madreds, may thousands, of palpitating female breasts and in the same number of buttonholes pertaining to the sterner sex. For two or three days the Exposition looked as if it had been converted into a big American enterprise, for even the smallest side show had "Yankee Doodle" on its musical repertory, and Stars and Stripes galore.

#### A FRANCO-AMERICAN LOVE FEAST

A FRANCO-AMERICAN LOVE FEAST

The fun began on July 3, with the unveiling of the Washington monument on the Place d'Iéna, and it has kept up ever since. Although handicapped by the difficulty of raising the necessary funds on the one hand and by the spirit of rivalry shown by the organizers of the popular Lafayette Memorial on the other, the American ladies who have worked so hard to pay a lasting homage to the "Father of his Country" may be congratulated on the entire success of their patriotic undertaking. Mr. Peck's efforts anent the inauguration of the Lafayette monument in the Place du Carrousel were not in vain. It proved to be an affair of exceptional ceremony and brilliance. The arrangements were perfect, and everything passed off without a hitch. The monument itself was draped in an immense American flag and it was unveiled by a great-grandson of the great French hero in the presence of the President and a distinguished gathering. Many prominent Americans were present, including General Porter, Mr. Peck and Archbishop Ireland. All three made speeches; so did the President; and so, also, Mr. Robert J. Thompson, who first conceived the idea of raising a subscription for the statue among the school children of the United States. When

Archbishop Ireland had concluded his dedicatory address in choice French, all the more picturesque for its Minnesota flavor, the assemblage broke up and Sousa's Band and the American guard formed into line and marched up through the

A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM



BANDMASTER JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Avenue de l'Opera amid the ovations of the crowd. Yes, it was a glorious day for the United States! One might have almost imagined one's self in New Yo.k, so numerous were the American flags both in and out of the Exposition, and, at night—well, at night the United States, or, perhaps more properly speaking, the State of California, just owned the Place de l'Opera, with Sousa playing on the open square under a handsome canopy and the California Commission holding a rousing reception in its handsome rooms just connesite. opposite

#### THE AMERICAN INVASION OF PARIS

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF PARIS

The American invasion has begun. The courtyards of the great hostleries are already thronging with pleasure-seekers from the United States, and the "guide interprète" is beginning to reap a golden harvest. What will it be in a week or two, when the thousands now crossing the ocean reach their destination? Paris is becoming a little America, and no one knows it better than the Paris hotel-keeper and restaurateur. The Stars and Stripes are hoisted on all sides, and American bars and what pass for American drinks will be eye openers, indeed, for many a weary traveller athirst for the cooling beverages of his native land. I saw an Armenian mix a weird concoction, which he called a cocktail, for a crowd of Italians the other day. The result, a compound of about ten different ingredients, looked like soft blacking, but apparently it satisfied the consumers. The Armenian declared that he could mix any known American drink. He will be a big hit with non-Americans.

#### THE UNITED STATES PAVILION IS SAFE

THE UNITED STATES PAVILION IS SAFE
I cannot find that any substantial foundation exists for the reports cabled to your side that the United States pavilion was threatened with disintegration or sudden collapse, much loss that this fear decided Commissioner-General Peck to leave Sousa's Band outside the building on inauguration day. On the other hand, one is forced to the conclusion that, as regards its interior installation, this edifice leaves much to be desired. Compared to some of the beautifully furnished and ornate interiors to be seen elsewhere on the Street of Nations it is, artistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure. It is a large, disartistically speaking, a pronounced failure.

ading and lounging rooms belonging to the different States not make up for the penury of pleasing architectural or corative effects.

A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

The School of Journalism opened here some mouths ago, although constantly the butt of the satirists of the daily press, is still pursuing the even tenor of its way, organizing competitions among its numerous pupils and public lectures in which prominent writers have taken part. At the last competition the School, through the medium of one of its prize-winners, seems to have rather got the laugh on its detractors of the regular profession. This young man submitted a most amusing though bona fide interview with the Queen of the Mi-Careme, whom the Paris reporters had described as being in the seventh heaven over the honors and presents showered upon her during her short term of royalty. The ex-queen, we discover, thanks to the School of Journalism, considered herself, on the contrary, to have been most shabbilt dealt with. She treated President Loubet's gift of a gold bracelet with manifest scorn, holding it in the hollow of her hand as if weighing a feather, and as to the "present" of the Municipal Council, a mere bunch of flowers, her eloquence, if silent, was none the less effective. The interview took the second prize, and I doubt not caused considerable vexation in certain editorial rooms where a desire to "get back" at the Administration is the prevailing consideration.

Because of the deep interest taken in the great telescope by Americans especially, many are here speculating as to what will become of it when it has served its purpose in the Exposition. Already rumor has sold it to America, and that because American visitors are more numerous at the shrine of the splendid instrument than are persons of any other nationality. Others say that the Papacy is eager to acquire it for its observatory, and still others are allotting it to Great Britain and elsewhere. No one seems to think that the French will retain it for themselves. V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



THE CROWD AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE LAFAYETTE MON MENT. THE OLD MAN WITH THE HIGH HAT AND BEARD, THE FOREGROUND, IS THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR RODIN



CAN GUARD MUSTERING IN THE COURTYARD OF THE LOUVE



THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT'S BATTERY OF RAPID-FIRE (HOTCHKISS) MACHINE GUNS IN MARCHING ORDER

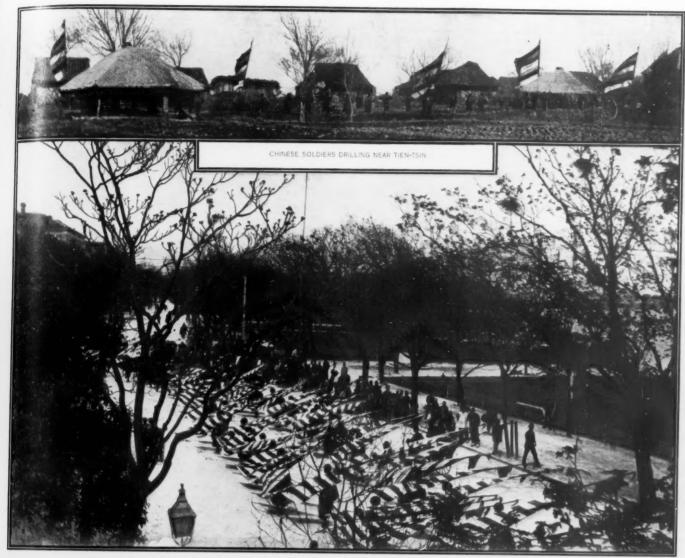


THE TROOP DISMOUNTED AND CARRYING THEIR GUNS AND AMMUNITION INTO ACTION



A BAD LINE TO BREAK THROUGH. THE TROOP WITH GUNS MOUNTED ON TRIPODS AWAITING THE ATTACK OF THE ENEMY

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA



THE FIRST CHINESE TROOPS SENT OUT TO INTERCEPT THE "BOXERS" MARCHING WITH THEIR WAR FLAGS



CHINESE SOLDIERS SKIRMISHING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TIEN-TSIN

CHINA GOING TO WAR



SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTERS

The tale opens in 1795 and introduces, among other characters, Six Kroslow Nevil, his son Dick and daughter Martin. In avenging an insult aftered his family by Captain Jack Poins (a younger brother of Sir Sydlaey Poins, his intimate) and others, both Nevill and Poins are killed. After Martia's marriage to Lord Strathleigh, Dick (man Sir Richard) Nevill, because of his last promise to his father, will not continue the controversy with Poins' friends. He is brainfed a covarid. In 1809 he becomes Marquess of Kenston and gains great homer under Wellington in the wave, especially at Talavera, He is invalided to England and meets Kate Poins—niece of Sir Sydhay—and the Viconate de Broisic. "These four Circumstance has chosen to play one of its title tragedies," De Broisic determines to marry Kate Poins and journeys to Bath with that purpose in view.

#### CHAPTER V

#### Kate Poins and Sir Sydney



of the early, incongruous efforts of the versatile Vanbrugh. With something of the Gothic, Greek, and Italian to be discovered in its conglomerate parts, to see it was to illumine the lines of Swift

"Van's genius without thought or lecture Is hugely turn'd to architecture."

"Yan's genius without thought or lecture, Is bugely turn'd to architecture."

Without thought or lecture had the author of "The Provoked Wife" carried out his plans, but after a century's softening touch it would have taken the pedantry of some precisian to disclaim the right of the old mansion to a pleasurable admiration. Even his criticism would have failed in contemplation of the quaint gardens, in hedged parterres, stretching off below the rear terraces; of the pleached alleys, and of the distant, bending Avon through the miterstices of closely woven arborets.

After the tragic rencontre between Sir Keustone Nevill and his brother, Sir Sydney sought reclusion at the old place—seat of his ancestors for generations, and which had claimed his attention only at long intervals since he was a had. The world had been too much with him, he felt, and had lost its savor, so he journeyed down to Somersetshire for permanent settlement; took up the culture of tulips, where his father had left off—culipomania was a tradition in the family ever since his Gracious Majesty King William of Orange had thust shown Sir Sydney's great grandfather the mysteries of the faseinating bulb—and was fairly content with that, and his well-filled library.

To him there shortly after his arrival came Kate his

ing bulb—and was fairly content with that, and his well-filled library.

To him there, shortly after his arrival, came Kate, his niece, his brother's child, a quaint, strange gid of fourteen, tall beyond her years, with wondrous deep purpled eyes, and bronze hair that the sunlight shot with gold. Horoscopy would have had a light task in forecasting that beauty's full dower was to be hers, and beauty's vassals, too. Her coming had been awaited with a trepidation by Sir Sydney that had almost turned to panic an hour before she was expected to arrive; but, as she came to him across the huge, dinly lighted hall, putting out her hand and courtesying in the demurest manner, he took her flushed little face in his hands and kissed her, while the fear that had been tugging at them both let go and fled.

"You are very welcome to Poins House, dear," he said gently, while he still held the mattened hand.

both let go and fled.

"You are very welcome to Poins House, dear," he said gently, while he still held the mattened hand.

"I am very glad to be here, Sir Uncle Sydney," she faltered, locking up at him straight from underneath her velvet bend.

tered, looking up at him straight from undorneath her velvet hood.

"And I'm glad of that," said he, bending to undo her fur tippet. "Come to the fire; you must be cold, clald."

As they stood in the huge ingle a servant announced dinner. "Miss Poins will dane with me to-night," said Sir Sydney. "Robert said Miss Poins' dinner would be served in the governess's room, Sir Sydney," replied the man, hesitating. "Miss Poins will dine with me to-night," was the reply. "You would like that better, dear, wouldn't you?" he questioned as the retreating servant passed out. "I should love it, sir..."

"Not 'sir,' "he interrupted; "just Uncle Sydney." "Uncle Sydney," she said.
And the governess, Miss Tetley, dined alone not only that night but every other night.

Indeed, so famously did uncle and niece get on together that both begrudged Miss Tetley even her short hours of unclasse, and the day began for Sir Sydney when, about two o'clock, a tap would come at the library door, and the two would meet, radiant—if storming, for an afternoon together poring over old books and old prints, interspersed with talk the most contidential; if fair, for a brisk drive behind eager ponies—her own—which, under the guidance of so famous a charioteer as Sir Sydney, she soon began to manage with all the or perfuses of and did whin. Then came the thower moutls. rioteer as Sir Sydney, she soon began to manage with al expertness of an old whip. Then came the flower months,

with all the gorgeous mystery of the full-blown beds to be ex-plained through long, sunny days, as they pottered about the old gardens, sauntered down the trellised avenues, or sat, when the sun stood high, in some shady pergola, hand in

when the sun stood high, in some smary pergon, main in hand.

He often wondered, as the months dritted by, at his great contentment; mused over and analyzed it; took counsel with his valet, a candid soul, who said he did think "as Sir Sydney was aging," confirming the testimony that his master had furtively sought earlier from his dressing mirror. But master and man were both alike beside the mark in accusing Dame Nature for anomalous symptoms and conditions; she was running her natural course, Gray hair and crows! feet at threeseore were not prodigies, and neither were they ordinarily the outward tokens of content. Sir Sydney, after much pondering, at last concluded that perhaps the dulness of his quot country existence—though he never suffered from that enun which had shadowed most of his days—was making him rusty and too easily satisfied with the ambling pace of life; and so a journey to town was prepared with elaborate preparations for a month's stay. But before a fortnight had covered his absence the big travelling post-chaise drew up at the door of Poins House and delivered him to a tunniluous and welcoming Kate. He had left Contentment behind, and it had become so indispensable to the old bachelor that he hurried back, to find it waiting for him on his own threshold.

Happiness and full content are the prerogatives of youth, so the joyous hours that danced attendance upon Kate, week in and week out, never discountenanced her. Neither introspection, if she had been guilty of it, nor her cheval-glass, if the darangement of a furbelow or a pesy, would have told her why she was happy. Unlike her unde she had no retrospective vision of discontent to make her present condution sline by contrast, but she was conscious that never before had life been so well ordered, so abundant, not only with promise hut with fulfilment, and she was quicker than he, with one of the sharp divinations of childhood, in identifying the chief source of her pleasure.

A twelvemonth slipped by, and another, with no outward sign of Tim

They were in the drawing-room, standing before the leaping blaze of an open fire, and as she rustled toward them through

the soft light of a dozen girandoles both men look a sort of amazement. De Broisic had seen her before in furs, and his breath was taken from him at stradiant creature who now stood before him. If feelings were touched with the same surprise; a magic had transformed the girl to a woman, in time. His Kate was gone, and another had been into her place; more beautiful, perhaps, and will gay, honest laugh, but hedged in by a new dignity fied much to Sir Sydney, in spite of its graciousnes was vaguely troubled for the rest of the evening.

#### CHAPTER VI

#### The Vicomte goes a Wooing

"Ann whom do you suppose I ran against in the Pump Room this morning?" asked Sir Sydney, as they were seated at luncheon about a week after their return from that wonder-ful visit to London, when they had first heard Catalini. "Lady Willoughby?" questioned Kate, with langual m

"Ann whom do you suppose I ran against in the Punp. Room this morning?" asked Sir Sydney, as they wort seads at luncheon about a week after their return from that wonder ful visit to London, when they had first heard Catalini, "Lady Willoughby?" questioned Kate, with langual meterest.

"No, not Lady Willoughby," replied her nucle, a trifs piqued at her indifference.

There was silence for a few moments; then Kate, who was waiting for enlightenment, said; "Whom did you say you me! in the Pump Room?"

"I didn't say," replied Sir Sydney tersely. "But I will say it was a young nobleman of my acquaintance," he added, who elaborate attention to the chicken-bone on his plate.

"Unclet" she cried, with laughing eyes that held his, once he had raised them to their level. "Who was n?" ha cargorness had taken the place of her first lukewarm interest. But Sir Sydney was for a teasing punishment.

"A young nobleman of my acquaintance," he repeated; "and I may say of yours, too."

She was striving hard not to give him satisfaction, "Indeed?" she said; and then quickly: "And has he hen in Bath long?"

"Since Saturday."

"Oh," said Kate rather shortly. It was now Wednesday, he would surely have driven out to Poins House before then. And yet she was not sure, and that was the reason she expected every moment to have Sir Sydney ask, "What is that noise?" and she would have to answer, "It is my heart a thumping."

He ddn't ask that, but he did notice a brilliant spot in either check, and his eyes twinkled.

"Monsieur—"he began.
"It was helf' she asked faintly.
"He?" questioned her uncle, with raised brows.
"Nothing," said she, dabbling once more at morsels wheh had begun to lose their flavor.
"I was about to renorm, went on Sir Sydney with wicked deliberateness, "that Monsieur"—once more quory junged from her eyes across the table at him—"that Monsieur delaberation of the comming syllable, which was purposely coughed away into the baronet's napkin—"that Monsieur delaberation of the purpose of the purpose of the present she which

ostrich-like, with her head buried in the sands of her slight (quicksands, poor child, as they proved to be), magined that the favor which she bestowed upon the Frenchman was a secret deeply locked only in her own and, of course, in the sympathetic Miss Tetley's, two held long, ecstatic vigils, when they talked in its, from no necessity; discussed pretty trivialties, semed to them of large moment, and over which hung antiful glamour of real romance; and stretched their nations across seeming illimitable spaces, that were rose-hued, with golden vistus still further beyond. Tetley had to be tremendously assisted in these flights on by Kate, but she soon became infected with some girl's enthusiasm, and before long was enjoying, vicariber first love-affair.

In the imagined, Honoré de Broisic was a delicate wooer, all the hutle tricks and refinements of the art at his typs, and used them with admirable discretion and redict A grosser villain would have pressed his advantages fly, but this rascal went about his courfing with some of the spirit of an old transeur; he exhaled an aura of the spirit of an old transeur; he exhaled an aura of the art and the course of the spirit of an old transeur; he exhaled an aura of the spirit of an old transeur; he exhaled an aura of the spirit of an old transeur; he exhaled an aura of the spirit of an old transeur; he exhaled an aura of the spirit of an old transeur; he skilful subterfuge. And to do the dog scant justice, he really shimself deeply enamored of his fair mistress. Like all notors—and bad ones, too, for that matter—he deceived il partly, as well as his audience, by his skilful subterfuge. Favori; spoke of his beautiful France as cintches of a tyrant monster, of himse impotent to redress her wrongs, a ger among strangers.

In no, not that, Monsieur de Broisie, " ostrich-like, with her head buried in the sands of her

s imponent to redress her wrongs, as among strangers, ..., no, not that, Monsieur de Broisie, "add say, putting out her hand, which add carry to his lips, "not that." dear Miss Poms, "he would answer, would life itself be worth to such a ter as I if Heaven had not brought hacross yours? It seemed bare—in it did—but now it is covered with. At which pretty simile she would blim, and the telling tear which he managed to squeeze at this juncture be mated with one from her owneyes.

was met

ly managed to squeeze at this juncture of be mated with one from her own yeyes.

It is was not always that he played the mentalist, although it was the languor-froop of long lashes over his black eyes the gentle, pensive cadence of his voice were his chiefest charms with women.

It was a reckless audacity and dash the fellow, when he chose, that were she sheined as fight the fellow, when he chose, that were she sheined gas his softer moods, and as cunning enough to realize that the who won Kate Poins must not only a her but subdue her. She was now, but she had a high spirit that would have been satisfied with mere dalance. Lucky for him it was that he sat a sa well as most Englishmen, and that milled the reins over Sir Sydney's most esome four with a skill little less than mole's; while certain rumors very vague, Bath and London, of rather riotous livate the university and in town, which to the baronet, and which, slightly hed, he passed on to Kate, lost the net no caste in the eyes of either. Sir ey looked upon him as a young gentle-who had simply run his course, as in yes all young gentlemen should, but chose breeding and tastes were such as arrant every confidence in his future foot; and as for Kate, she had nothing easure him by, but some very shadowy ards, over which he seemed to tower and shoulders. So Honoré de Broisie's ing prospered, and if ever man had so if redemption and regeneration she love, he had.

d, in the air, the days

"When that Aprille with his shoures soote The droughte of Marche hath perced to the roote, And bathed every veyne in swich licour, Of which vertu engendered is the flour,"

me, and were swiftly passing. The hecory of the mouth's early days on most potent, and now that Mayas at hand the fragrance of the season's birth-time as gardens, overflowed the hedges and was wafted by rus' on his "swete breth" far and near across the side. Sir Sydney Poms was oftenest to be found, hays, thanked by the whole garden corps, in the midst hillip-beds, while Kate and De Broisic strolled the long butered by the old sun-dial, or, when the fancy took were off for a gallop through lanes and over the

19Kellin

were off for a gallop through lanes and over the
as on one of these occasions, after a hard canter, that
banced to pull up outside the great gates of Kenstone,
for some unaccountable reason, were, as Kate had
seen them in her memory, flung wide,
Lord Kenstone be at the Hall?" she queried,
lassible," answered De Broisic, laughing; "there
have been a triumphal entry."

rely," said Kate, smiling. "My Lord Marquess would
have come into his own so quietly."

do you mean?" he asked, as they drew rein and
up the long avenue.
has never been here," said Kate,
er been here?" said De Broisic,
since he came into the title."

your Englishmen are by way of being queer. Shall
through the park?"
by not?" acquiesced Kate, and they turned up through
have offirs, that seemed to wind interminable.

anough the park?

7 not?' acquiesced Kate, and they turned up through
lane of firs, that seemed to wind interminably. At
the bends they both saw the same moment a tall figure

in a long gray coat coming toward them on foot. He didn'seem to hear the crunch of hoofed gravel till they were almost upon him, so intent was he. But the instant the sound of their approach came to him he looked up quickly, and the both recognized the Marquess of Kenstone. He didn't

#### CHAPTER VII

#### The Marquess of Kenstone Journeys Home

The Marquess of Kenstone Journeys Home

The morning after the remarkable meeting at the opera—high noon would more definitely describe the time of day—the Marquess of Kenstone awoke from uneasy sleep, and lay gazing at the crimson bed-hangings. Though his rest had been fitful and disturbed, he had wakened eagerly, almost expectantly, half hoping that the elusive vision of his dreams would become palpable, and sanction his feeling of exhibitation, which was certainly not licensed by the hour at which the drowsy Rocket had lighted his master—the illumination was necessary—to bed. Instead of visible substantiation, however, he had only the vicatious pleasure of memory, and that exerted itself, at first, but sluggishly in his behalf; but as consciousness slowly gathered together the sleep-scattered strands, his spirits floated buoyantly, rhythmically to the cadenza of some air of Catalini's, and he saw the vision of the night, no longer vague and ephemeral, a thing of dreams, but real and personified; it was the lovely niece of his old friend Sir Sydney, Kate Poins.

The young girl's face seemed to look down upon him from beneath a cluster of the brocade's roses, and he liked the



HE LOOKED UP QUICKLY AND THEY BOTH RECOGNIZED THE MARQUESS OF KENSTONE

fancy; it brought back to him vividly her gracious, wonderful beauty—a beauty, he remembered, that had struck him instandly as something more than the mere happy conjunction of color and line: there was character behind to give it real quality. Those eyes were honest, he could swear, and those hips guarded the truth, while the glory of her hair was a gratuity of Nature's, given in sheer wanton bounty. It was the challenge direct to his bachelorhood, and he grasped the tasselled bell-cord at his side, as if it were the gauntlet he was snatching up. Before Rocket appeared in answer to the summons, however, tricksy memory brought another face before him, that tainted all his previous imaginings—that of De Broisic—and his good spirits fled at the thought of him.

"'If she be not fair to me What care I how fair she be?"

he shouted grimly, as his valet entered with chocolate, the morning's papers and his letters. He submitted to the processes of his toilet moodily, and departed in his cabriolet, much to the astonishment of Rocket, without so much as a glance at the cane and snuff-box which he

cabriolet, much to the so much as a glance at the cane and shull-ova marked up.

Martia's surprise was only equalled by her delight when the Marquess of Kenstone was announced as having arrived for breakfast. Her brother was stranger to Curzon Street at that hour of the day and her welcome was touched with some curiosity; but by no sign did he betray that his presence there was anything unusual. They had a gay meal in the bright

little breakfast-room, but it was not till the finish, when he was lighting his cheroot, that she got any inkling of the secret of his visit.

"I'm going home," he said, blowing a fragrant cloud.
"Home?" said she, staring.
"And it please your ladyship, yes," he answered.
"But I don't understand."
"You can't deny that I have such a haven?"
"No. Here, always; and in Jermyn Street, but—"
"Ah, dear sia," he said, langhing, "the fareful 'but,'
Wherever you are will be a home, and Jennyn Street has a lodging for me; but home is—"
"Where the heart is," said Martia, as she rested her chin on upturned palms and scrutinized him. "You are not going down to Kenstone?" she asked.
"That is the journey I've proposed for myself, and I want you and Strathleigh to keep me company."
"But you've never been in the place."
"You don't know whether it is habitable."
"That is what I wish to find out. My steward says it is in very decent condition."
Lady Strathleigh was for the moment nouplused. She was used to her brother's whims and vagaries, but this sudden inclination to visit his place in Somerset, which he always said he detested, was puzzling.
"Isn't his desire to go 'home,' as you call it, semething of the most recent?" questioned she.
"As recent as this morning,' said he, enjoying her bewilderment,
"And the reasen, may I ask?"
"One that should appeal to you," he replied,
"One that should appeal to you," he replied.
"Under is at?"

plied, "Oh, Dick, you are tantalizing," she cried;

plied,
"Oh, Dick, you are tantalizing," she cried;
"What is it?"
"To see if it is a fit habitation for a wife,"
answered he, a trifle disingenmously.
"What!" exclaimed Martia. Then the
news was too much for her; she rushed to
him and put her hands about his neck. "It's
Betty Gervais?" she asked, trying to steal
the answer with searching eyes.
"It is not Betty Gervais," he said, a
smile hovering around his lips, coaxed by
her eagerness.
"Not Betty?" said she blankly. "Then
who, pray?"
"I haven't decided yet."
"You coxcomb!" And she boxed his
ears.

ears.
"I really haven't, sis," answered he, laughing, "But I do want you and Strathleigh to come with me,"
"It is impossible—for a fortnight at least."

laughing. "But I do want you and Strathleigh to come with me,"
"It is impossible—for a fortnight at least."
"Well, a fortnight will do very well. I will send word to Kitson to have everything ready."
She looked at him steadily for a moment, probing for his secret. She knew there was one, and that it could only be turned to light by guessing. It was useless to try to get behind his laughing eyes, though.
"Do tell me, Dick," she pleaded.
"Nothing to tell," was the good-humored reply. "Save that your nagging and Strathleigh's nagging about the singular impropriety of a young nobleman's remaining saugle has at last borne fruit. I'm going to get matried, To whom is a question for time and luck."
"But Betty is such a dear," spoke the matchmaker, feeling that affairs had wriggled out of her own hands.
"But, Dick, she has ten thou—"Fie, he, sis, that isn't worthy of you." To do her justice, Martia did blosh; but ten thousand a year is ten thousand a year, and not to be despised even by a young Marquess who possessed the same. So thought the Countess of Strathleigh, who would have married Strathleigh if he had not had a penny, but who forbade such foolishness to any one else.
"Then I'm not to know," said she, taking refuge in a pont.
"As soon as I do," he said, jumping up gayly. "You'll come with me?"
"Yes," she replied; "but you are very annoying."

annoying."
"Is that the price I pay for compliance with your ladyship's

wishes?"
They both laughed out as she kissed him, and were inter-rupted by the entrance of Strathleigh, who stood wonder-eyed at the sight of his wife bestowing precious favors upon a man whose broad shoulders only were visible to him. "Helloa!" he managed to say.
"Helloa, Guy," was the answer as brother and sister swung round.

"Hellon, Guy," was the answer as brother and sister swung round.
"Oh, it's you, Dick!" said Strathleigh heartily.
"Who the devil do you usually find embracing my sister at this time of day?" laughed the Marquess.
"Yes," put in Martia severely, "what did you mean by saying 'Oh, it's you, Dick!" with such a sigh of relief?" "Explain," said Nevill merrily.
"Well, one wouldn't expect to find you about at this hour," said Strathleigh—"considering the time at which I left you," he added.

said Strathleigh—"considering the time at which is determined as when it was a which is deaded.

"There cries out conscience," answered his brother-in-law, turning to Martia. "He inveigled me into whist last night with a couple of knaves, who looted my purse—and his, too; and now he objects to your having my company for breakfas."

"Do you know what he came for?" asked Martia, slipping her arm through Strathleigh's.
"Haven't an idea," was the reply.
"To tell me that he is going to marry."

"What!" ejaculated her husband, looking from one to the other. "To Betty Ger—"

RUSSIAN COSSACKS EQUIPPED WITH RAPID-FIRE FIELD ARTILLERY, READY TO CROSS THE FRONTIER ON DECLARATION OF WAR WITH CHINA



COLLIER'S WEEKLY

# WAR IN CHINA THE

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY ATTACHES IN PEKIN. PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRONT OF THE BRITISH LEGATION



# The Curious Courtship of & KATE POINS

to, not to Betty Gervais," interrupted Nevill in rather tvoice; so much so that it led Strathleigh to remark; doubt it," said Nevill.

[Juni to, Thom?]

'Wholn to, then?''
'He doesn't know yet,'' Martia said mockingly.
'Doesn't know? Is it a riddle?'' asked Strathleigh, mysti

I.
'It is,'' haghed Nevill; "to which the answer has not yet
in discovered."

on discovered."

'He wants us to go down to Kenstone with him."

'By Kenstone', queried Guy. "What for?"

'Just to look it ever. I'll post word to Kitson to have systhing rearly; send some good mags down, and between thall and Bath you ought to be able to put in a decent inglet. She's promised," said Nevill.

'It if the weeks," maswered Martin.

'I don't mind," acquiesced Strathleigh.

'It's an engagement, then. I'll write down this afterm."

after his departure there was busy speculation, and both the Earl and Countess of Strathleigh were agreed that there was more in the matter than appeared on the surface. It was no small sacrifice on their part to give up two weeks just as the town season was beginning, but they would have done anything for Kenstone, even had there not seemed to be such tremendons issues demanding their attention. As it turned

would have been disquieting had he not known himself to be unsusceptible to ordinary female chains. It was the numeral he was after, not the commonplace; therefore, his folly should be sanctioned. And with this commendable cashistry to strengthen his purpose he lighted a cigar and settled himself for the twenty-one miles before them to Maidenhead, where they were to put up at the "Bear" for the night.

settled himself for the twenty-one miles before them to Maidenhead, where they were to put up at the "Bear" for the night.

That sleepy hostlery was reached before eight o'clock with no misadventure, though they were prepared against one, as it was nearly dark when they crossed Hounslow, and both the Marquess and Rocket held their pistols in hand till they were well on toward Cranford bridge. The arrival of the distinguished traveller was expected, and a dinner fit for the Prince himself had been prepared, and was served by Rocket with no less an assistant than mine host, who was overwhelmed when his guest offered him a glass of dusty Burgundy, and drank heartily himself to the "Bear." Not long after, Kenstone was abed between lavender-scented sheets, dreaming of a highwayman who had an unconscionable number of finger-rings, and who laughed at the sight of Kenstone's pistol; as well he might, for the cursed thing would not go off.

They were off betimes the following morning, and leaders and wheelers took the road with a jump, whirling them into Reading by ten o'clock, where horses were changed, legs stretched, and then on they went for Newbury. The Mar-

been abroad since early on a tour of inspection, while the steward, as cicerone. House, stables, paddockery vants' hall passed under his scrutiny, and he was mound of the park alone, deep in the new feeling of properties of the park alone, deep in the new feeling of properties which had come to him in the full only during the hours, when he came upon the riders. The them rather startled him, though his disconcertion we than covered by their surprise, which might have should embarrassment if Nevill had not so quickly and cords expeted their appearance as a matter of course. He may be Broisie, and, stepping toward Kate, put out his line to an old friend.

"This is very neighborly of you, Miss Poine," is smiling.

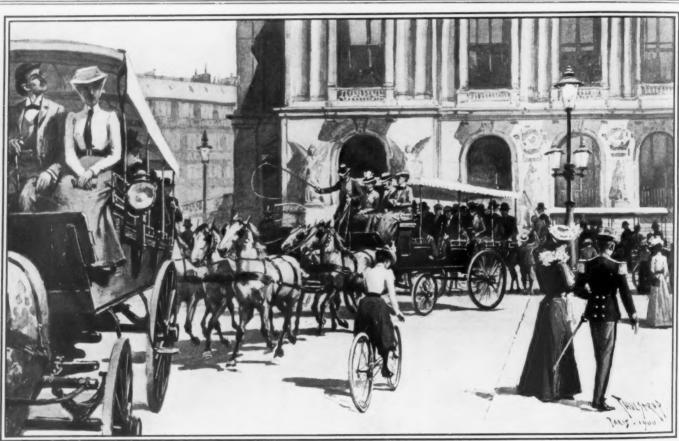
"This is very neighborly of you, Miss Pours, in such smilling.

"We had no idea you were here," she replied, flushing a little, and conscious that he had perversely misconstinued the reason of their presence, "I saw the gates open—her place their presence, that he had perversely misconstinued the reason of their presence, "I saw the gates open—her place their presence, "I saw the gates open—her place was too great." Her first feeling of shyness died as she gave word to this explanation, and she answered his smile with one as gay as his own,

"It is a temptation that shall often beset you, then," said her; "for I swear they shall never be closed again, And how is Sir Sydney?"

"Well, and deep in the mysteries of Mother Earth," laughed Kate.

"Of course," answered Nevill. "He shall tutor me m



PARIS IN SUMMER American tourists leaving the Opera House in omnibuses for the regular daily visit to the Exposition grounds

t, however, the sacrifice was never made—not, at least, for Marquess of Kenstone; for three days before the one set their pairney Martia was taken sick and was too indised to risk the discomforts of her brother's post-chaise, impatience, which had been cumulative since he had spatched the orders to his steward, could not be restrained another day, and as his sister's illness was nothing serious, decided on immediate departure, alone, plagued as he was the thought that he might just as well have gone a sen-lat scouter.

by the thought that he might just as well have gone a sennight sconer,

It was a gleaning afternoon in middle April that a smart
post-chaise, its body color deep blue, with wheels of glisten
ing green, the Nevill colors, dashed through the gates at
Hyde Park Corner and was off toward Kensington on the
road to Bath. The occupants were Rocket and his master,
who, now that the journey was commenced, began to wonder
what the deed it was that was taking him out of town for a
country sojourn at that season of the year. Puring the three
weeks just past he had been constantly besieged, by both
Martia and Strathleigh, with questions as to the object of his
proposed pilgrimage; and the oftener he langlingly repulsed
their attacks the more confirmed he became in his own mind
with the idea that he was going down to Kenstone Hall to be
near Sir Sydney and ask han for the hand of his mysterious
and beautiful niece, Kate.

But once the wheels were spinning and the hoofs pounding
he began to ask himself if he were not on a wild goose chase;
if he had not been befooled by the vision that had constantly
kept him company since that meeting at the opera into rather

quess was disturbed by none of the qualus that had beset the early stages of the journey the day before; instead, his spirits rose to jocund pitch as they steadily pushed the miles behind, racing through sleepy villages, hardly wakened from their winter's sloth, with scant stoppages for the toll, then the free rein again along the open highway. Field and copse were bourgeoned with the season's promises, and filled with early songsters, whose gay pipings slipped through the open windows of the chaise and set both man and master a-whistline.

windows of the chaise and set both man and master awhistling.

Cold luncheon and a bottle of champagne at Hungerford
placed two-thirds of the distance to their credit; and they
were elattering down Forrest Hill and through Marlborough
before three. The afternoon sped behind, keeping company
with the lost miles, and the sun, their gallant fellow-traveller,
dulled by the day's exertion, dipped, and fell below the horizon before they passed through Calne. A twinkling twilight
shone on the placid Avon as they took the stone bridge at
Chippenham, and the night was black as they descended Box
Hill. From thence on the light from the chaise lamps danced
merrily; they skirted the town, flashed by Poins House,
three miles beyond, and, as Kenstone's repeater chimed the
last quarter before eight, the horses, at a gallop, whisked
through the gates, and the Marquess had arrived home.

#### CHAPTER VIII

#### And has an Important Interview with an Old Friend

It was late in the morning of the morrow that the chance meeting with Kate and De Broisic took place. Nevill had

gardening. And now may I ask you to continue your explorations, and to take me with you? It is something of the same thing for me, too, you know." For the first time he included De Broisic in his glance, and that young nobleman, grown somewhat restive at the dialogue in which he had no part, and smarting a little at the way in which Nevili seemed to ignore him, protested that it was too near the luncheon hour at Poins House for them to tarry.
"I think the Viconite is right; Uncle Sydney will think we are lost," said Kate. And Nevill could have dragged the Frenchman from his horse, though he answered smilingly:

ingly:
"Commend me to Sir Sydney, and say that I shall ride over soon to pay my respects. And please don't forget, Miss Poins, that I consider your explorations only deferred."
"I shall hold you to that," answered she over her shandler as they turned. He took off his hat, the two men sainted coolly, and then they cantered off down the avenue, leaving Nevill with mixed feelings looking after, till they were ladden by the trees.

Nevill with mixed feelings looking after, till they were by the trees.

If the young nobleman's feelings were mixed, the none the less definite; and as he turned back towal that he felt he had two accounts with which to deal first was with that lying, fantastical vision that had shim, sleeping and waking, ever since the far-away night. It had belied her and charged him with but warm admiration, whereas she, the living presentment apparation, was a creature that set him pulsing like a ened child. If his fancy had been caught by the quiet in the theatre-box, it had been set on fire by the o

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AGENTS.

rought him to use the decount.

Alth the Viconate de Broisic, of his foot into the gravel of e thought of the Frenchman, levil could Sir Sydney be think-that shady adventurer the entree devi could Str Sydney be time, clear shady adventurer the entrée se and the companionship of his the query which tantalized him only luncheon, and to which he as satisfactory reply. He would be a considered to a considered to be a considered

inst take the earliest occasion of intentions to Sir Sydney, fatuous seem, considering the length mance, which consisted, up to they night seem, considering the length this acquaintance, which consisted, up to at noment, of two casual, momentary meetings. That, at least, would give him a certain gin—dintons, no doubt, but still a right—to seek his mind concerning the Broisic. And had the know concerning the Frenchman? scill's head spun at the questions which infronted him. This last one in particular orded him into a fever of annoyance. He may nothing, literally nothing, save that they still played at cards together, and that he had earthcloser, he could have sworn, by trickery; a that was too often the cry of victims of the pacert, and not to be considered. The persure quandary served to spoil the rest of the ar and evening for him, and it was only the amount of the same than a match for De Broisic, and only cover than a match for De Broisic, and only took of the same than a match for De Broisic, and only took of the same than a match for De Broisic, and it to be in a more equable temper.

If your menu does not contain Cook's Imperial Extra

#### Carefully Examined.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.



Without a Rival AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

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when a servant from Poins House brought a miningination that had allowed weeks in town to amble by before by set out to see if his fancy were it would be a judgment upon by if this precious prize were under his nose, he thought bitter-brought him to the consideration account, with the Viconite de Broisic, and his foot into the gravel of the thought of the Frenchiman. drawn, generous port and eigars.

#### HEALTHY SCHOOLMA'AM

Found Out How to Feed Herself.

Many school teachers, at the end of their

Many school teachers, at the end of their year's work, feel thoroughly exhausted an i worn out, physically and mentally. The demand upon the nerves and brain of a teacher is unusual, and unless they are well fed and fed upon properly selected food, it is natural that they should run down.

A little woman teacher at Gobleville, Mich., who has been teaching regularly for a number of years, has always found herself thoroughly exhausted at the end of the session, until, within the last year, she has made use of Grape-Nuts Food with the result that she closed the year as a robust, healthy, strong, vigorous woman, having gained in weight from 90 pounds to 126; her nerves strong, face bright and cheery, and really a wonder to all her friends, who constantly comment on her color and strength. She knows exactly to what the change is attributed, for in the years past, living on ordinary food, she has almost broken down before the school year closed, whereas since using Grape-Nuts, this change has been brought about; evidence prima face of the value of Grape Nuts Food for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.

The name of the teacher can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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And, above all, Schlitz beer is absolutely pure.

JL STACK



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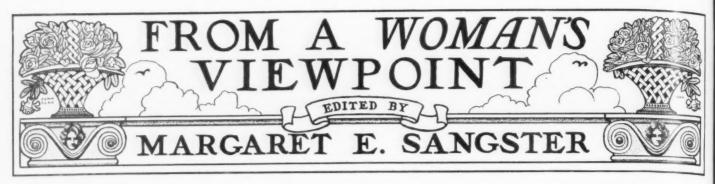
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VERY WOMAN must feel a heartache for her European and American sisters exposed to nameless danger and outrage in the barbarian uprising in China. Looking back to the days of the Indian Mutiny, now far in the historic background, but remembered by students and by women not yet arrived at old age, we recall the terrors, worse than death, which were faced by English women in Cawapore and Delhi. The situation may have berightened by the time these words are read, but, at the hour of writing, extreme and desperate suffering is prefigured by the cloud on the horizon. Whether all foreigners in Pekin have been butchered or whether some have escaped, we may be sure that there has been an experience of horizon and fright from which imagination recoils, and that women and children of white skin have shrunk in agony from the fiendish menace of an inferior race. Tourists, wives of ambassadors, of merchants, and in commerce and trade, teachers in universities and colleges, and a great band of unselfish and consecrated missionaries have been those whose names ere now may have been inscribed on the roll of the martyrs. The anguish in China casts a deep shadow over our summer gayety.

It is gratifying to observe that women are

It is gratifying to observe that women are more and more taking a deep and keen interest in politics, gratifying chiefly because we all want to see our young men more vitally enlisted in the tremendous issues which face the citizens of a republic. So long as women are absorbed in petry things, in domesticity for its own sake and not for its underlying reasons of home-making and home-blessing, in dress, in triles, in servants, in pleasures, so long will boys grow up indifferent to great events and careless of their duty as voters and lawmakers. Mothers make men, Wives influence husbands. Sisters stimulate brothers. To some of us it seems more desirable to be strongly potential in the background than to be thrust into the battle's van among the belligerents. But whatever our views about equal suffrage, we women should earnestly care about politics.

The women who are most indefatigable in club life are now taking a vacation. But though meetings are suspended, study goes on. A majority of clubs are educational, either in a linerary, scientific or social sense, and membership in a club implies no small amount of work in the preparation of crudite papers and in wide reading along prearranged slines. The summer leisure is utilized by the conscientious club-woman in making honey for the writer's table. Also at this period club programmes are fuished, schedules outlined and outside lecturers engaged, so that and outside lecturers engaged, so that ether it is a busy season, though the

#### COMRADESHIP IN HOME LIFE

COMRADESHIP IN HOME LIFE

WHEN young people come home from college they often make acquaintance anew with their fathers and mothers. Through the childish days the parents were autocratic in their sway, and it never occurred to the boys and girls to criticise or question them; their opinions were regarded as final, their word was law. Four years of absence—especially if it be unbroken, as in some cases it is, owing to the distance between the home and the college—is a large space of bime, and even when the annual vacation has afforded a season of meeting, the separation is sufficiently sharp to give both parents and children a new point of view. The girl for the first time in her life sees her mother, not just as mother, and therefore dear and honored, but as another woman, with a world of her own and marked characteristics. The boy, with a singular sense of surprise, realizes his father as a man among men

The loy, with a singular sense of surprise, realize he as a man among men. College, at its worst, makes the graduate critical of plain parents and impatient with plain ways. When this happens we must not blame the college. We must blame the stuff that was in the student. If a student returns from college a snot, an ingrate, a veneered bit of human furniture, and not a large hearted, quick-brained and generous man or woman, the capacity and material which the home sent him out with are responsible, not the professors, not his companions in

class, not his Alma Mater or hers. Even more surely than in the man's college, the woman's college gives a chance for the showing of what is true and fine in the student. Not always does the plain home take back its own. The homes of wealth and refinement are more and more sending their quota to crowd the college halls. The woman graduate of the older colleges has her daughters now where she herself studied. The young people are coming into close contact with their parents, whose traditions are identical with and whose aims are the same as their own. The chief difference is that one set of people is a generation further on than the other, is mellowed by experience and is chastened by disappointment. Youth is all enthusiasm; is also often all intelerance. Youth fears multing, disdains caution, and rushes on obstacles with an elan which means conquest. Maturity has the wiser head. Youth has the warmer heatt.

It is well for parents and children in the flush of their reunion to cultivate camaraderie. Each has that the other lacks. The father and the mother must not now dictate to the boy and girl. They are past leading-strings. The young man and woman must not be too sure of their own initiative.

Should one use her own typewriter and not stenographer, but write her letter at first hand, lmit the machine-work to her communications ness agent, her dressmaker and her grocer. Instead, to her daughter in Europe, to her so she must write with the time-honored impleme—a pen. It is at once the more elegant and the dental instrument; it conveys an idea of ind personal style and character impossible to an Every eccentricity of paper should be avoided i letter. A monogram is permissible, of course, o the name of one's home—as Pine Hurst, Oak side—or one's town, street and number may be engraved at the top of one's paper. Printing business purposes. Engraving is for more forms

#### WOMEN AND FOOTBALL

AMERICAN football may secure the enthusiastic young girls who are proud of the prowess of the and sweethearts and care very little for such tritle heads and broken collar-bones, where the such the second Mothers seldom share this sentian disapprove of the roughness of which has an element of bruta perhaps, and enabling the player and equaminity the hard knocks of the most unwelcome when it is one's ow is the victim. To some of us it is he able to think of piloting a lad through the senting through measles, mumps and seconding him to school and to living and breathing in the hope cessful preparation for life, and the him putting life itself in peril on field. This is the point of view feminine contingent, unpopular, be a good many mothers would ha chamation the passing of football.

THE GAMES OF THE SMA

#### THE GAMES OF THE SMALL BOY

chamation the passing of football.

THE GAMES OF THE SMALL BOY

It is interesting to note the interest of the small boy in games which require strength and agility. I have been watching the play of this active member of the community lately, and I am impressed with his preference for leaping, wrestling and running games, with his rough sense of justice, with his ready acquiescence in the decision of an impire. Of course, the small boy keeps his people in continual terror. There is no tree which he does not climb; there is no pond in which he hesitates to dive, and the deep places labelled dangerous are to him the most facinating; there is no cave which he does not long to explore, and peril beckons him as adventure beckoned the medieval knight. The boy to be pitied is the one whose moher is always hovering about, interfering with his amusements lest they shall be too boisterous, forbidding his feats of prowess, lest less shall break a leg or an arm, and laying a prohibition on his shouting, which is the natural expression of his overflowing vitally. It is at once obvious that the mother who keeps a cheek on the small boy's performances is akin in disposition to the other mother who frowns upon football; yet who shall blame her? She is in a strait betwit two alternatives—she does not want her by to be a Miss Nancy, she desires that he shall be fearless and brave, yet she shrinks from the experiences which develop those qualities. Meanwhile, before she is saware of it, the small boy shoots up into a tall lad, a head and shoulders higher than herself, and his chidish days are over.

A boy must never be a shirk in his games, and must be willing to accept defeat when he is to be, and only honest, truthful and ingenuous men are to be in the forefront of the world's work and win the world's wages.

THE THUNDERSTORMS OF 1900



CHINESE CHILDREN IN A PUBLIC GARDEN IN THE FOREIGN QUARTER AT PEKIN. FROM A STEREO-SCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT 1900 BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

#### They must accept counsel. Both are bound by kindred blood and by mutual interest to stand firmly together against all the earth if need be. SHOES

JUST a hint. A well-cut slipper worn over an open-work stocking sets off a pretty foot; but it must not be a high-heeled affair, which throws the figure forward, or the most graceful girl will look clumsy. A slipper is solely a house shoe. For walking let the choice be a broad shoe with a low heel—one which above all else fits well in the instep. Never economize in footgear. Have several pairs of shoes and change them frequently. When not in use, air all shoes thoroughly before putting them away, and always stuff fine shoes with tissue-paper when placing them in a hox or closet.

#### ABOUT OUR LETTERS

AN ENWRITTEN law decrees that the typewriter is to be used for business letters only, never for those of friendship.

#### THE THUNDERSTORMS OF 1900

THE THUNDERSTORMS OF 190 THERE seems a sort of kinship between the weathers and those of the political sky this year, are chronicled fierce and furious electric storms, lightning, exceptionally crashing and vivid, as hailstones, cloudbursts and floods of tropical raining has been unusually destructive, tearing in its track and occasioning loss of life. Fear at instinctive with many, and their terror is another storms are severe and frequent. But we that the bolt which kills is so sudden that the suffering; death must be instantaneous, and as subject is of all things futile. One should entire fatalism in a matter of such ordinary experience.

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is only attained when it is perfumed with

The Genuine

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#### A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS

APPARATUS

M. LEON BLOCH has invented a new photographic apparatus, which he calls the physiograph, that accomplishes the photographer's purpose without betraying his intention. The apparatus is constructed somewhat like a marine or field glass, and is held to the eyes in a similar fashion when in use. It can be used in three directions—forward, or to the right or left—at will, without change of position, by means of a cap operated by a button which focuses in either of the three directions. The physiograph contains a roll of twelve films, which are adjusted by the simple operation of drawing the roll out of the case and then pressing it in place again. This novel contrivance can be used either for snapshot photographs or time exposures, and the results obtained are excellent. It has the added advantage of being smaller and much better adapted for travelling than the ordinary kodak.

#### MALICIOUS

MOTHER: "What are you doing, Max?"
Max: "Reading papa's poems."
Mother (to husband): "Why, has he been nighty again?"—Fliegende Blätter.

#### THE TRICKSTER TRICKED

A CARD-SHARPER who had evidently been doing the races joined a small group of farm servants in a public-house. Failing to interest the company in the mysteries of three-card monte, he exclaimed in desperation: "Well, look here, gents; I'll bet any one of you five shillings I can cut the ace of spades, any of you to shuffle and arrange a deck of cards as you like," at the same time producing the pack, which he pushed toward a colored victim, who agreed to accept the wager, took up the pack, shuffled them, and then placed them on the table.

The sharper then took his knife and cut his pack clean through, at the same time saying: "There! I've cut the ace."

"Naw you hain't neither," quietly said the darkey, grinning. "The ace o' spades is up my sleeve—see?"

#### A QUESTION OF CHRONOLOGY

TEACHER (to new pupil): "What is your ust name, my little man?"
New Pupil: "Tommy."
"What is your full name?"
"Tommy Tomkins."
"Then Tomkins is your last name."
"No, it isn't. When I was born my name as Tomkins, and they didn't give me the ther one for a month afterward."

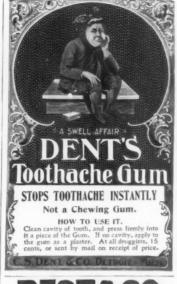
#### THE OLDEST BRITISH REGI-MENTS

THE FIRST of the British line regiments, and in fact one of the oldest regiments in the world, is the Royal Scots. It is descended from those celebrated Scottish regiments of Cavaliers who, under Cromwellian persecution, attached themselves to both the Swedish army under Gustavus Adolphus, and also to that of the French, where they were known as the "Scottish Archer Guard." At the Restoration they returned amid general rejoicings to serve under Charles II., and have since taken part in countless campaigns. On their collars they wear the thistle as their distinguishing badge, and the letters "R.S." appear on their shoulder-straps. Next comes the Royal West Surrey, or Queen's, who wear Catherine of Braganza's lamb upon their collars. The Royal Lancasters, or King's Own, have the British lion on their collars specially granted to them by William III. The white plumes tipped with red of the Northumberland Fusiliers are symbolical of their share in the capture of St. Lucia in 1768, where they plucked the white plumes from the helmets of the French killed, dipped them in blood, and went in to win.

#### 38 ROYAL PHILANTHROPY

ROYAL PHILANTHROPY

The Queen of Saxony is of a most philanthropic and charitable nature. In her youth her zeal far exceeded her knowledge, but was never abated. Indeed, she was often in the habit of visiting the poor, under the guise of the Countess of X, in order to come in closer contact with their misery and want. Many laughable mistakes resulted, and at one time she even equalled Marie Antoinette's famous remark about cake as a substitute for bread, when the latter was not obtainable. It happened that the "Countess," entering unexpectedly upon one of her favorites, who felt the pinch of poverty in its most acute form, found the good woman's little boy in tears over a swollen cheek. "What ails the child?" inquired she, "Nothing much," replied the mother unconcernedly; "he was naughty, so I boxed his ears." "Ah, you should never strike a child," said the sympathetic "Countess," "Next time you ought to punish him by depriving him of his desert."



#### If a Child's Shoe Doesn't Fit

It certainly is not right. Not every child can be fitted from an ordinary stock. For this reason we carry many extra sizes made expressly for us on our own lasts, and guarantee a perfect fit, as well as a first-class shoe, in every instance. And they are not expensive either. pensive, either.

The unequalled facilities in our shoe department are an example of the conditions existing throughout the "Children's Store," where everything pertaining to children's needs will be found in the widest assortment of desirable styles and eiges styles and sizes.

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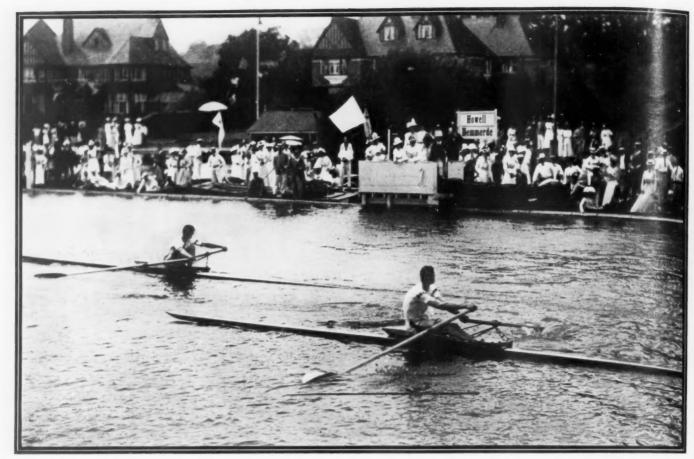




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A CELEBRATED BOAT RACE IN ENGLAND-Hemmerde defeating Howell in the "Diamond Sculls" at Henley-(See page 20)

#### THE GOLD FIELDS OF CAPE NOME

By TAPPAN ADNEY

By TAPPAN ADNEY

Special Correspondence of College's Weekly

Nome City, Alaska, June 29, 1900

The Morning after the 17th the day breaks clear, with a fresh wind off shore, warm sunshine and fleecy clouds. The first to leave the ship is the passengers' checked baggage, and when this is ashore safely the passengers are taken off in huge lighters thirty or forty feet long and carrying two hundred passengers each. A ship's officer is stationed at the gangway to prevent the crew from getting off, but in spite of his watchfulness several of the stewards and cooks smuggled themselves over the side. One vessel, we hear, has lest nearly all her crew, another half; they leave their wages behind—anything to get ashore upon the golden sands. They will be hungry, presently, and want to get back. "You have never seen the like in your life," says Captain Humphreys, the Whaling Company's superintendent, as he clambers aboard out of his launch and endeavors to describe the time he is having on shore. "There's a million dollars' worth of goods piled on that beach, right down to the water's edge, and if we have a storm every but of it will be destroyed. The tents are six deep, and I can't find place to pile my goods. My men are all leaving me, and I can't get more to take their places."

FORTUNES IN LIGHTERING

#### FORTUNES IN LIGHTERING

FORTUNES IN LIGHTERING

Men in rowboats and sailboats swarm around the ships, taking people ashore and receiving from two to five dollars for each passenger. Forty or fifty of our passengers, unwilling to wait for the lighter, have gone ashore in that way. One man with a sailboat is said to be making as high as seventy-five dollars a day. Others are making twenty to thirty. Apparently, any man with a beat is offering to take passengers to and from the ships. Two such greenhorns were brought by a man to our ship for red dollars, and, the sea being rough and the wind off, they flad to pay double that amount to another boatman to take them ashore. The lightering seems to be in the hands of a few persons, who have cornered all the available lighters. All sorts of boats for lightering the people ashore have been brought up, such as large surf-boats, but all prove useless, except large flat-hottomed seows carrying thirty to fifty tons. One of these is made fast to the stile of the ship. Many were drenched to the skin by the heavy seas which broke over the bows of the lighters. The lightering "company" are making fortunes. One man alone is said to control four lighters. The effective form the steamship companies two dollars a head for passengers without baggage, and two dollars and a half for passengers with baggage, twenty-two dollars and a half for passengers with baggage, twenty-two dollars and a half per head for horses, and fifteen dollars per ton for freight. One lighter of passengers makes four hundred dollars a trip, and three trips a day. Out of the twelve hundred dollars a day earned the "company" pays eighteen men, in three shifts of six men each, a dollar an hour—an expense of one hundred and forty four dollars per day for each lighter—and fifty dollars per tow to the steam launch, taking it ashore and back. The owners of the steam launches are making several thousand dollars a day.

THE NEW ELDORADO

From the deek of the Valencia it is a wonderful sight. Fifty hips and small boats without number during hither and thither arough the water. Beyond, the beach, with its objects too

far away to be distinguished separately, but presenting in the sunlight a narrow, glistening streak of white—the tents—with some dull, unpainted buildings of boards—the old part of the town—apparently solid for the space of a mule or more, then tapering off to two miles on the east, and on the west, extending as far as the eye can reach, a thin line of white dots—the tents of miners "rocking" the sands of the beach. Beyond the town, a distance of a mile or more, the ground gradually rises into a range of hills, or mountains, still partly covered with snow, forming a partial circle, terminating on the right hand, at the sea, in a low, rounded headland—Cape Nome.

Although nothing of the town can be plainly made out to the eye, upon our ear clearly sound the steady rap-tap of hammers and the wail of dogs.

"If you want to go ashore, Captain Patterson of the Senator is coming over with a boat and you can go along," said Captain Lane. (Through the captain's courtesy I have been permitted to remain aboard the ship.) The boat soon comes alongside, and as we pull in toward the shore a sight gradually enlarges that I never expect again to see. Brown blotches become piles of baggage and freight of every description and masses of white resolve themselves into innumerable tents, while tiny specks of black become moving men, women, horses and wagons, passing to and fro, close to the water's edge between the sea and the piles of freight and tents. Scows are unloading, small boats are coming and going, and all is in indescribable confusion. Far up and down the beach is the same. There was nothing like this at Dawson. There was more excitement there. There was a long, hard journey's end. Here is the journey's end, and here are goods and people within a few hundred feet or yards of their destination and no agitation immediately perceptible beyond that of each person securing his own goods as fast as he can identify it among the heaps and have it cauted off by wagon teams or on small carts to which are hitched strings of five o

HOMES ARE AT A PREMIUM

I saw one party of ladies calmly camped against a pile of freight, surrounded by pieces of hand baggage and partially covered by a tarpaulin. I heard another lady tell how she

had been sleeping in a goods box. Others have tents up, with comfortable floors, and cots. Still others have bought or settled upon town lots and are putting up buildings or tents and opening stores and restaurants. Enterprising personal properties of the properti

#### NOME IS ALREADY OVERCROWDED

Beyond a question, for the state of its developm is already overdone, greatly overdone. Half the pare here must go. Klondike was overdone by the of people, but a fewer proportion reached Daws were weeded out by the hardships of the trail and inary expense. Here, any person with seventy more to pay for passage had but to go aboard the still, sleep and eat. Even if he wished he could back. And now, one and all have been deposite beach, their final destination, and discovered in aday what it took Klondikers weeks and months to that there is little to be had in Alaska without the kind of work with courage and patience. The sactance, saw and left Klondike cursing the country luck, but Klondike remained as good a camp as of doubtless, it will be at Nome. For the gold imquisis here.

#### LONDON

ENGLAND'S PERIL

ENGLAND'S PERIL

IT SOMETIMES looks as though Londo least) had forgotten South Africa, thinchless will and the tierce while so the Boers may at any moment prove but the war has not yet by any means reached attention over here may be described as on on the subject of China. Concerning Formers, "imperialistic" of avowals may just a has three wars on her hands at one and the there is slight doubt that Colonel Willeackface some stern lighting with the rebellion Ashantis. But the Chinese matter super These are indeed parlous times for Great Indian subjects fall by thousands from fand dearest sons are stretched bleeding on her gold fields of Western Africa may so snares for scores of their brothers, and by territory she has long coveted a deliance fraught with ghastliest omen. One of theme in England wrote me, recently, from "I smell the blood (feeling as if it wor

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pore) of Pekin, and am ashamed of my own safety."

#### CHINESE AND EUROPEAN FANATICISM

CHINESE AND EUROPEAN
FANATICISM

And yet nothing but hideous reports have thus far drifted westward. To these I need not refer, save in the sense of their having thrilled and horrified. Everybody feels that Chinese fanaticism, when it is once kindled into wrath, exceeds for cruelty that of any other Oriental race. The Chinaman does not himself greatly fear death; hence, when he makes it a means of vengeance, he selects for it the most lingering and ingenious avenues of approach, taxing with barbaric extravagance the vilest resources of torture, and blinding the eyes of mercy with diabolic zeal and zest. It is fully realized that civilization has just received the most daring of challenges. Many may deplore the outside predatory schemes and plots which have lately beset China, but all, I think, are convinced that wholesale massacre is no decent response to them. From one extremely Radical source you may select the bold opinion, however, that England's conflict in South Africa has brought about this uprising of Celestials. Tales of Boer victories, runs the assertion, had reached the Empire of the Far East, and produced their emboldening effect both upon the Boxers and the imperial government headed by her Sublimity, Psi-An. Pro-Boerism could hardly shoot a more spleenful arrow!

#### THE SNARLING OF THE NATIONS

Never, since he wrote it, perhaps, has one oignant line of Tennyson seemed more perhent than now. That line from "Locksley Iall," I mean—"And the nations do but murnur, snarling at each other's heels." It is ineratively needful that all the great Powers

#### END OF THE LONDON SEASON

the vast fresh battlefield of our new century.

END OF THE LONDON SEASON

The London season has almost ended, and I can scarcely recall a single really fine day throughout its entire continuance. One delightful fact may be recorded, however; we have hardly had more than two or three days of actual heat. The Henley Regatta is over; the Ascot Races are wrapped in mists of the past; Derby Day scems almost as far back as Lord Mayor's; and now Goodwood, which is held the wind-up of all fashionable merriment, is close at hand. Quite apart from the weather, it has been a season exceptionally dull. What wonder, considering those numberless bereavements caused by the war? There have been almost no large balls, and few evening parties. A great many small dinners have been given, and now small "week-end" house-parties are much in vogue. Several times, at the afternoon driving-hour in Hyde Park, I have seen the two most popular readways quite deserted. The theatres are beginning to shut their doors, and most of them have slight incentive to keep them open. It has long been cynically said that in point of dramatic entertainment New York is merely a suburb of London and Paris. But I am told that the Paris playhouses have produced little that is noteworthy this past year, and it is incontestable that the London ones have made few striking records. New York managers will not find much to seize upon in their annual pigrimages. "The Man of Forty," at the St. James's, defied Mr. Alexander's efforts to make it otherwise than flat and involved. There has been no "Gay Lord Quex," no "Trelawney of the Wells," not even a "Tyranny of Tears." But "The Man from Mars," though wildly fantastic, has had a notable run, and deserves it. Meanwhile our American Mrs. Leslie Carter still storms the town with "Zaza," which has reaped, I am told, great pecuniary profits. It is the last theatrical thing you would have dreamed London might care for; but facts are facts.

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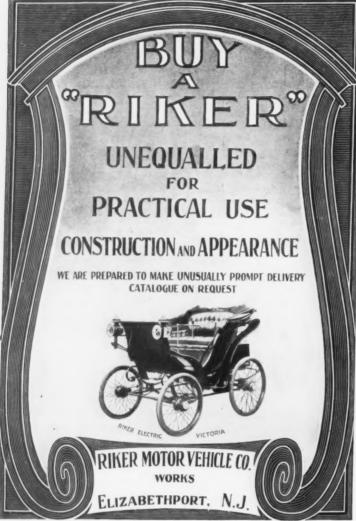
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THE defeat of Howell, the promising American sculler we cessful last year both in the eights and in the singles, was scullar those who had not been familiar with the conditions just preculd not understand. But there were conditions that made unexpected among Howell's friends. In the first place, the means fit to row the race, having been indisposed for some second place, Hemmerde, who defeated Howell, is a first-class been putting in plenty of work; so that while the Howell of last year might in the Howell out of condition certainly could not, and he broke down in the attended to the condition of the condition

lefeat by Fox was a natural sequence.

The twenty-eighth annual regatta of the National Association Oarsmen proved one of the most successful that association The new speedway course between the landing at Fordhar Washington Bridge furnished an excellent chance for spectators,

Washington Bridge furnished an excellent chance for spectators, is a material difference at certain times in the value of the courses, that is not at the special drawback than is encountered at Henley. The principal interest naturally selection of Paris representatives, which, incidentally, this contest was to deattendance was good and the course was kept clear. The Wachusetts' four the best-known oarsmen, with C. H. Lewis at bow, Johnson of the Yale Medic Con Daley at 3, and stroked by E. H. Ten Eyck. This crew won the international shell race, defeating the Detroit Boat Club by two lengths. They repeated the Detroit in the first heat of the Paris fours by an equal distance. The senior chance is a superior of the paris fours by an equal distance.



E. H. TEN EYCK, CHAMPION IN SINGLE SCULLS OF THE NATIONAL REGATTA FOR 1900

race was won by the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia in a race in which the Bohemian B Club of New York gave them plenty to do. Hedley rowed bow in the Vesper crew a Juvenal 6, while in the Knickerbocker crew, which was badly beaten, E. J. Savage, t former Cornell oarsman, rowed at 7. The racing was as good as that of any national regarder hed in American waters, especially if one considers the general form of the men in all toats, and, with the exception of some dissatisfaction regarding the fairness of position whis led certain crews and oarsmen to exchange courses at what might have proved penalizing very thing went off well.

The last day was full of surprises. In the first place, Ten Eyck's crew, the Wachusett were beaten out by the Vespers, and in the second place, Ten Eyck himself failed to come to for the contests in singles against Rumohr, so the latter had a row-over. The rowing of it Vesper eight was first-class and their steering far better than that of the Wachusetts. The difficulty with the Wachusetts crew, however, seemed to be that their four were not we balanced. Ten Eyck and Johnson making the stroke side much too strong. The Vesper eigh added to the triumph of their four by winning their event from the Bohemians, with Kneke Polo enthusiasts will be particularly placed.

Polo enthusiasts will be particularly pleased to learn that there are prepared to be pects of an English team coming over. Foxhall Keene, who returned on the Lucania, believes there is more than an even chance of it. This team, if comes, will probably be the same as that which recently defeated the Americans with the exception of Watson, who may be replaced by Rawlinson.

WALTER CAMP.

#### AMERICA'S ATHLETES AT THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS

London, July 7, 190.

The international meeting between Great Britain and America took place July 7, at 8th Bridge. It was much more representative than any meeting ever held in England before even more so than the New York Athletic Club vs. London Athletic Club games in 18



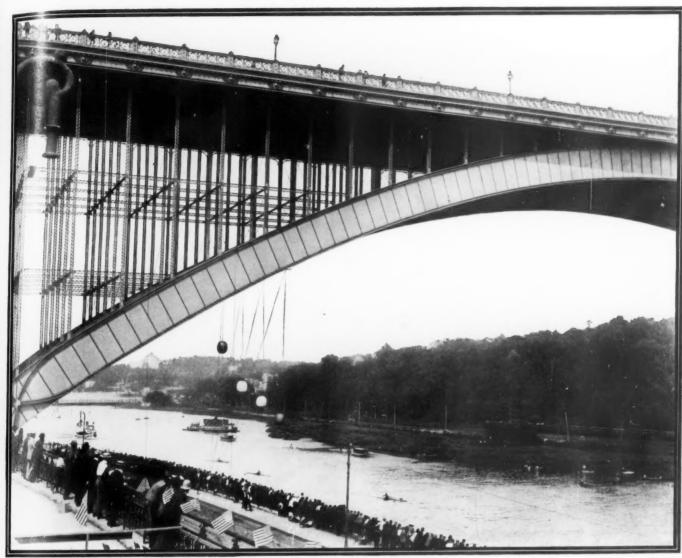
THE VESPER EIGHT-OARED CREW OF PHILADELPHIA

The result was a brilliant victory for the Americans, as they won eight events in which they were entered, no Americans competing in the other events.

walk.

Everything conspired against the Americans in the way of weather, for days were cold and rainy. The afternoon turned out clear and fair, though ness in the air quite foreign to American July weather. The track was in though not so fast as Queen's Club, where the Cambridge-Oxford-Yale-Harheld last year. In my opinion, it was not as fast as the N. Y. A. C. track The large contingent of American athletes aroused the deepest interest is a crowd of at least twelve thousand turned out. Among these were man college men, who enlivened the proceedings by their cheers. Patriotism feb better of college rivalry, and it made no difference to the adherents of the which man won as long as it was an American.

The English distance runners bravely upheld their reputation as being



stance men failed, the American sprinters proved the fastes in the batter work late of the famous frish in the farmer was all out the famous man cannot run in England until he has be made man cannot run in England until he has be made man cannot run in England until he has be made in the cambridge-Oxford-Yale-Harvard games, 's result, when the cream of our distance men—ay, Grant and Orton—were all badly beaten, merely this fact. The victory of the Englishmen in the vill further harden them in the belief that our distance second rate. This is hardly fair to our run-are capable of much better work than they have in England. Stance men failed, the American sprinters proved the fastest in the world, and covered themselves, while our field men took all the famous Irish to camp in glorious fashion, ming the disadvantages under which the Americans e final outcome of the games was an overwhelming them. The fair-mindedness and true sportsmane large crowd present were noted by all of the athletes. The spectators cheered the American the echo and went into ectassies over the grand for Kraenzlein and the fine quarter-mile running of

Long, while the pole-vaulting of Johnson and Colkett opened their eyes to the possibilities of the clean vault without climbing the pole, which the English rules allow.

The hundred yards had the most representative entry that has ever been brought together, the champions of England, Australia, India and America meeting. In the trial heats, Tewksbury of Pennsylvania settled the chances of the English and Indian champions, while both Duffy of Georgetown and McClain of Pennsylvania beat Jupp, a holder of the English record. Burroughs of Chicago had a walkover, while Jarvis of Princeton won his heat; and as Rowley of Australia also won his heat, this left four Americans in the final. This was a grand race. Duffy, as usual, got a magnificent start and at thirty yards was leading by a yard and a half. From forty to seventy yards, Tewksbury and Jarvis crept up a yard, but Duffy came strong at the finish and won out by a good half-yard, with Jarvis second and Tewksbury, when they get going, can run as fast as Duffy, but that he gets such a lead in the first forty yards that the race is won for him, He gets into his running faster than any sprinter we have ever had.

Many of the Englishmen had expected Rowley of Australia

to win, as he had decisively defeated their champion. Thus, when four Americans defeated him they could hardly believe their eyes.

The Englishmen evened up matters in the next race, the mile, which Bennett won, with Gazeley, another Englishman, second, followed in order by the Pennsylvania runners, Grant and Bushnell. The time, 4m. 28 1-5s., is not fast and Grant has repeatedly bettered it in America. In fact, in the mile at the N.Y.A.C. games, June 17th of this year, he ran in 4m. 27 2-5s.

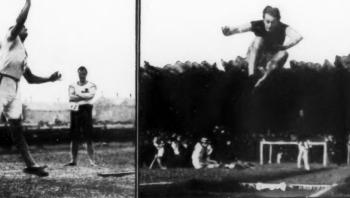
America came to the fore in the next event, the shot put, much to the surprise of Dennis Horgan, the British champion, who has not suffered a defeat for seven years. Sheldon of the N.Y.A.C. proved to be the winner, his put measuring 45 ft, 10 1-2 in. Horgan's best put was just an inch worse than 45 ft. McCracken and Hare of Pennsylvania were second and third respectively.

Sheldon's win was loudly cheered, as the Englishmen present considered Horgan unbeatable at the shot.

Baxter of Pennsylvania won the high jump, clearing 6 ft. 2 in, in fine style, while Carroll of Princeton tied with O'Connor and Leahy of Ireland for second place at 5 ft.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)







NEW YORK A. C., WINNING THE WEIGHT PUTTING CHAMPIONSHIP

KRAENZLEIN, PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY, WINNING THE LONG JUMP

BAXTER, PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY, WINNING THE HIGH

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THE NINTH REGIMENT GOING TO THE WAR IN CHINA—These are the troops that lost many officers and men killed and wounded in the first conflict between Americans and "Boxers" near Tien-tsin, on the outbreak of the war

#### WINDING UP THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES\*

By FREDERICK PALMER

"THE DEPARTMENT OF THE VISAYAS, U.S.A."

"THE DEPARTMENT OF THE VISAYAS, U.S.A."

EOGRAPHICALLY you always think of this archipelage as you did of Gaul in your school days. It is divided into three parts. The Spaniards recognized it by the creation of our military departments recognized it by the symbol of three stars in their flag; we have recognized it by the creation of our military departments, except that we have made two departments instead of one on Luzon. The Department of the Visayas, under command of Brigadier-General R. P. Hughes, contains a larger area than that of any other, and includes the important islands of Panay, Samar, Leyte, Negros, Cebu, and Bohol. He has at his disposition about 10,000 troops, with his headquarters here in Iloilo, which is the capital of Panay and the second city in size of the archipelago, but has not more than one-tenth the population of Manila. It is distinctively the district of hemp and sugar; Panay, Negros and Cebu growing sugar, and Samar and Leyte growing hemp.

This is my first visit to Iloilo. Other correspondents who have been in the islands even longer than I are equally strangers to Panay. For one thing, the activity of our troops in Luzon has been the most engrossing part of the situation. For another, when you contemplate a visit to the southern islands you find yourself embarrassed by the time which you must be absent from Manila. The departure once a month of the Indiana or the Penasylevania, which transports have been held here to carry supplies to the different islands, has, in some measure, obviated the necessity of taking your chances with occasional traing steamors which trade from port to port. For example, the direct run from Zamboanga to Manila is three days, but it took a friend of mine three weeks to cover the distance. He waited ten days for a steamer to Manila.

The harbor under the shelter of the little island of Guimaras presents an inviting picture which is unwarranted by the town itself. There are always one or two vessels of the navy, one or two vessels and the proper is the har

What is more to the point is the strong southeast monsoon, which will begin to blow next month.

To the quartermaster the radical difference between Manila and Hoilo is that in Manila ships that are of too heavy draught to run alongside the quay discharge their cargo into cascoes, while here they discharge it into lorchas. A casco is a big, covered flat boat of native timber. A lorcha is a small, native-built schooner of a few tons' burden. The mole at Hoilo these busy days is lined with lorchas discharging sugar from Negros and taking on rice from Panay. For ten ports are open now where one port was open six months ago, and commerce, so long stagmant, is coming into its own again.

#### RECONSTRUCTION TIMES IN PANAY

RECONSTRUCTION TIMES IN PANAY

The quays, indeed, are the most gratifying part of Panay. The busy coolies and shippers give an impression of peace, security and prosperity. If one were only to call at all the scaport towns in the islands he might easily convince himself that there was no insurrection at all. In floilo the native policemen saunter up and down as if even they were a superfluity. But you have only to go back into the town to see the worst results of war. There has been a little spasmodic building, a few temporary structures put up in the old business district which was burned before the insurgents evacuated the town upon the entrance of General Miller's troops after he had waited so long in the bay trying to persuade the insurgent commander to grant him peaceful possession—in accordance with instructions from Washington. It will be remembered that we had a truce with the insurgents which we were to break only if they attempted to construct any further defences. One morning an officer saw the insurgents supposedly at work building trenches. He took prompt action by landing the marines under the fire of his guns. General Miller then landed troops as quickly as possible, and our first efforts were turned toward extinguishing the flames. That was the most exciting day in Hoilo's history. The story is told of one English merchant who stamped the flames out of the rags saturated with kerosene which the insurgents had laid in his warehouse. An insurgent officer came back with more rags and lighted them. A second time the Englishman extinguished the flames and a second time the Englishman extinguished the flames and a second time the linsurgent officer returned.

"If you interfere again," he said, "I will come back and kill you and everybody in your warehouse."

So the Englishman accepted the inevitable.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY WILL MAKE WAR CLAIMS

So the Englishman accepted the inevitable.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY WILL MAKE
WAR CLAIMS

Upon the ground that there was no evidence to show that
the insurgents were constructing trenches on the beach, and
that if we had given proper notice of our attack they could
have saved their property, the merchants, mostly Englishmen
and Germans, have brought claims amounting to over ten
million dollars against our Government. The general opinion
is that this is greatly in excess of the actual amount of damage. Moreover, the general opinion is that the claimants
should get nothing at all. If the Government sets any
precedent at all for the paying of claims it will make itself
endless trouble and expense. General Otis's views on this
subject, as they were on most civil questions, were clear and
expedient. He thought that a board to consider such claims
and also all property titles should be appointed, settling those
things in sweeping decisions once for all, so that we can begin
our civil government of the archipelago with clean decks. I
believe that he held, particularly in the case of some property
which the friars alleged that they owned, that every property

owner in the islands should be given a certain length of time in which to prove his title. If he could not prove it the property was to fall into the hands of the State. Small property-holders invariably have deeds or proofs of their ownership, and their interests, as a matter of expediency, should be conserved, because they represent the conservative native element, which is friendly. If we once open the way to litigation there will be more lawyers than planters in the Philippines. Temptation to influence their decisions will then be too great for the native judges to resist. A board of great jurists will give abstract justice and in most instances exact justice. To allow single cases to poter through the courts will only add to that uncertainty which now makes the well-to-do native hesitate to take our side.

#### THE VISAYAN AS A CITIZEN AND SOLDIER

THE VISAYAN AS A CITIZEN AND SOLDIER

It seems that we must give up entirely the idea that the Visayans are more peaceable than the people of Luzon. Physically they are a little slighter, their faces less hvely and more aminable than those of the Tagalogs. They have the reputation of working with more faithfulness and continuity than, but not as vigorously as, the natives of Luzon. Their methods of warfare, after having been trained by Tagalog officers, are practically the same as those in Luzon. In fact, conditions in Panay are a copy of those in the great Island. From all that I can learn they have been made unjustifiably encouraging in the reports of the commanding general, who is a copy of General Otis in methods and characteristics. General Hughes insists upon attending to all details. He is boastful of working sixteen hours a day and sleeping only four. He does not gainsay that every one of the islands under his command, with the exception of Negros and the little islands of Bohol and Romblon, need reinforcements. It was like hearing bad news from home to learn that Samar and Leyte are getting more and more disorderly. I accompanied General Kobbe's expedition which occupied the two islands and, in view of what I saw, it is difficult not to believe that with discreet administration the state of affairs to-day would be much more favorable.

Up to October 1, 1899, our forces held only Holo and the two suburban towns of Molo and Jaro, two miles distant, in the province of Hoilo. The capital itself has been made our military control now for sixteen months. General Hughes administers its affairs according to his own ideas. The limitations he has put upon the liquor traffic are certainly admirable. The civilian and the soldier may complain because he cannot get a drink without the signature of an officer, but it is a restriction that works out well so far as general appearances go. So far as military government can make it, everything in Hoilo is spick and span and orderly. In the other hand, almost nothing has



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Since October our treops have gone through all of the four provinces of the island. Of these, that of Hoilo is approaching a state of pacification. Capiz is not so satisfactory, and Antique, the last province to be occupied, is very lively. Colonel Rice of the Twenty-sixth is in Holo; Colonel Van Horne of the Eighteenth, in Concepcion; Lieutenant-Colonel Dickman of the Twenty-sixth, in Capiz; Lieutenant-Colonel Scott of the Forty-fourth, in Antique. It is questionable if the insurgents ever had a thousand rifles in the whole island. The Tagalic clement in the insurgent bands is not so strong as it was. Delgado, the president of the so-called Republic of the Visayas, is a full-blooded Visayan; Fullion, commanding Antique, is a half-breed Visayan; Diocno, commanding in Capiz, alone is a Tagalog.

#### BURNING THE HOMES OF FILI-

BURNING THE HOMES OF FILIPINOS

If anything, more drastic measures are being pursued with the small bands who avoid our patrols and constitute themselves authority by the grace of their riles and bolos when out of the American soldiers' sight than in Luzon. In Ilodo Province we buin a barrio wherever a shot is fired. The method is effective, but the results are heartrending. The people in the barrio are given little time in which to remove their property. The frequent spectacle of hysterical women and crying children bemoaning the loss of all they have in the world makes the task a hated one for the soldier, who never has matches on his person unless they are placed there by an officer, who returns to his barracks from the scene of the stricken population beholding the ruins of their homes wondering what will be the next new departure in the duties of his profession. Meanwhile, t.e soldiers having left the still smouldering barrio, the insurgent agitators are enlarging on our act as proof of our intention to exterminate the race and as a reason for fighting us to the death.

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FIGHTING "BUSHWHACKERS"

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Fullion has a method of fighting which is designated in some captured documents describing it as "attrition." His men are to march only by night; to hide in a town and rest by day, collecting taxes and requisitioning what food they need; to fire on an American column whenever they can from a safe position in the rear; and never to face the Americans in the open. Whenever the Americans approach, it is the duty of the insurgent presidente of each town to inform the next town of the fact by a runner. Any presidente failing to do this, the gentle Fullion states, will have his head chopped off. Fullion has collected most of the rice of the country in locations that he considers safe. We have captured several of these storehouses. If we burn the rice we will make a famine in the province; if we do not burn it and our patrols leave it undisturbed, we are simply giving assistance to the enemy. There are still problems to be solved in the Philippines.

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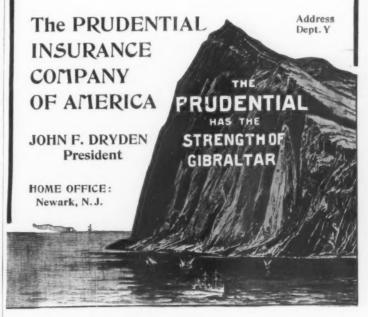
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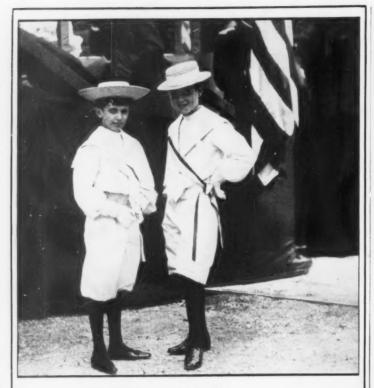
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